

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }  
VOLUME XXXII. }

No. 3242 August 25, 1906.

{ FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCXLX. }

## CONTENTS.

I.	The Novels of Mr. Marion Crawford . . .	EDINBURGH REVIEW	451
II.	A Night in the House of Lords. <i>By Michael MacDonagh</i> . . .	MONTHLY REVIEW	465
III.	Wild Wheat. Chapter XVIII. Farewells. <i>By M. E. Francis</i> (To be continued.) . . .	LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE	475
IV.	Alcohol and Tobacco. <i>By R. Brudenell Carter</i> . . .	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	479
V.	"White Vi'lets." <i>By E. Garth Felix</i> . . .	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	493
VI.	The Unexpected. <i>By Alice Meynell</i> . . .	OUTLOOK	504
VII.	Indiscriminate Friendship . . .	SPECTATOR	506
VIII.	Lectures on Child-Training . . .	PUNCH	508
IX.	Le Grand Salut. <i>By Florence Earle Coates</i> . . .	ATHENÆUM	511

## A PAGE OF VERSE

X.	To Maya. <i>By Cale Young Rice</i> . . .		450
XI.	The Butterfly. <i>By Julius Beerbohm</i> . . .	ATHENÆUM	450
XII.	The Great Refusal. <i>By Arthur L. Salmon</i> . . .	OUTLOOK	450
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS . . .		511



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the U.S. or Canada.

Postage to foreign countries in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## TO MAYA.

Pale sampans up the river glide  
With set sails vanishing and slow;  
In the blue west the mountains hide  
As visions that too soon will go.

Across the rice-lands flooded deep  
The peasant peacefully wades on—  
As in unfurrowed vales of sleep,  
A phantom out of voidness drawn.

Over the temple cawing flies  
The crow with carrion in his beak.  
Buddha within lifts not his eyes  
In pity or reproval meek;

Nor, in the bamboos, where they bow  
A respite from the blinding sun,  
The old priest—dreaming painless how  
Nirvana's calm will come when won.

"All is illusion, Maya, all  
The world of will," the spent East  
seems  
Whispering in me, "And the call  
Of Life is but a call of dreams."

*Cale Young Rice.*

## THE BUTTERFLY.

## GARDEN SCANDAL.

By the scent of their breath when even-  
ing closes,  
By the pain of their thorns that sting,  
I will play no more with the treach-  
erous roses;  
They have done me an evil thing!

They have whispered a story of gos-  
siping tattle  
In the listening lilac's ear,  
Who already have rustled their venom-  
ous prattle  
Through the garden, afar and near.

They have vowed, as I basked in the  
cup of a flower,  
In the heat of the noonday sun,  
That my blue little cousin alit on my  
bower,  
That he wooed me, and—shame!—that  
he won.

Now my own white lover's dear heart  
is aching;  
He has heard and believed the lie;

And mine with sorrow is burdened to  
breaking,  
And I think that I wish to die!

By the scent of their breath when even-  
ing closes,  
By the pain of their thorns that sting,  
I have vowed deep vengeance against  
the roses;  
They have done me an evil thing!

*Julius Beerbohm.*

The Athenæum.

## THE GREAT REFUSAL.

Give thine immortal soul its way,  
Give timely lies a scornful Nay,  
Or sink into the ruts again  
And tread the mire with common men.

Because to climb is loneliness,  
And shared indignities seem less;  
Stay in the trodden path and take  
Confusion for companions' sake.

Let thy defeated soul be bowed  
To traffic with the careless crowd;  
Stifle its craving in the birth,  
And close its ear with clots of earth.

Perhaps 'twere better not be born  
Than be the butt of thine own scorn;  
Yet must thou play this sorry part  
In the tribunal of thine heart.

Go, learn in cheap ignoble schools  
To win the frothy praise of fools,  
While keen the self-conviction gnaws  
That thou art worthy their applause.

Thou might'st have won consenting  
grace  
Of one who showeth not His face,  
And dimly felt in pregnant hours  
The sanction of supernal powers.

Or if that glory were denied,  
The stern approvals that abide  
In duty's undeluded way  
Might be thy soul's enduring stay.

But take thy swift reward—forego  
The wage that is divinely slow.  
It is ordained that thou shalt choose—  
It is thy Future to refuse.

*Arthur L. Salmon.*

The Outlook.

THE NOVELS OF MR. MARION CRAWFORD.\*

What makes a nationality? Is it race, language, creed, climate, cookery, or any other of the important factors which give character to a social organism? Few questions are more commonly debated to-day, and in considering the answer the case of America is too often left out of sight. Yet no one looking straight at the facts can deny the existence of American nationality, which is in a sense the most potent of all, for none so readily assimilates alien elements. After a few years—so at least we are told, and with authority—the foreigner becomes an American. In England or France, even the children of immigrants grow up with a difference of which both they and their associates are conscious. One generation does not suffice to merge them into the type which results from the gradual evolution of instincts and temperament. We have, perhaps, indicated the reason why America can do what other countries fail in. America, as a nation, rests more than any other in the world on an idea—or if on a sentiment, then on the sentiment of allegiance to an idea. A man becomes an American when the ideas for which America stands have become part and parcel of his mental fabric, and this is

easily accomplished by the very nature of those ideas. A coherent theory of life and society expressed itself in the Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution, and America's assimilating power is largely due to the creed of universal brotherhood, the cosmopolitan principle, which lay behind those elaborate formulations. Nationality must always imply a community of historic associations; and whoever is brought into contact with Americans finds them conceiving of their commonwealth as a vast society bound together from the first by faith in a common group of ideas. Nowhere else does intellectual agreement—the agreement of admiration—count for so much in nationality, nowhere does inherited temperament go for so little. From all this there follows the negative consequence that, of all civilized men, the American is the most readily cosmopolitan. In order to understand and sympathize he has less to divest himself of, because the very essence of his nationality consists in the practical affirmation of ideas which have no special local character. We can say, if we like, that Englishmen and Frenchmen inherit a culture, whereas Americans do not; or, with about equal truth, that

\* 1 "Mr. Isaacs: A Tale of Modern India." London: Macmillan & Co., 1882.

2 "Doctor Claudius: A True Story." London: Macmillan & Co., 1883.

3 "To Leeward." London: Chapman & Hall, 1884.

4 "Paul Patoff." London: Macmillan & Co., 1887.

5 "Saracinesca." London: Blackwood & Sons, 1887.

6 "Sant' Ilario." London: Macmillan & Co., 1889.

7 "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance." London: Macmillan & Co., 1890.

8 "Don Orsino." London: Macmillan & Co., 1892.

9 "Katharine Lauderdale." London: Macmillan & Co., 1894.

10 "Corleone." London: Macmillan & Co., 1897.

11 "In the Palace of the King." London: Macmillan & Co., 1900.

12 "Marietta: A Maid of Venice." London: Macmillan & Co., 1901.

13 "The Heart of Rome." London: Macmillan & Co., 1903.

14 "Soprano: A Portrait." London: Macmillan & Co., 1905.

15 "The Novel: What it is." London: Macmillan & Co., 1893.

16 "Gleanings from Venetian History." With 225 illustrations by Joseph Pennell. London: Macmillan & Co., 1905.

American nationality consists in principles, that of European peoples in prejudices. The resultant fact is, anyhow, that whereas the cosmopolitan Englishman is apt to have lost something the cosmopolitan American has almost always gained.

Contrast, for instance, Mr. Maurice Hewlett with the late Henry Harland. Without going the whole length of the saying, we may affirm boldly that Mr. Hewlett is "Itallanate." He has read so much, seen so much, fallen in love with so much, of Italy, its history and its traditional character, that he comes to us always with a little of the air of the seventeenth-century traveller: full-blooded, strangely accoutred, with a certain defiance of the stay-at-home people in his intellectual deportment. Of course, his Italians are mediæval Italians, but they are desperately mediæval and desperately Italian. Now Mr. Harland, on the other hand, an American whose whole imagination is suffused and flushed with the beauty and charm of Italy, takes Italy and Italians, so to say, for granted. His way is not to accentuate their differences from Anglo-Saxons, but to concern himself with the common human interest: he is an easy go-between, a kind of bridge between the two great racial camps. He can (and Mr. Henry James has the same talent) write a story of French life which gives one the illusion that it might have been written by a Frenchman: but the Englishman, however well he knows and loves his Paris, must always study the Parisians, as Thackeray did, for instance, deliberately from the outside.

But the most remarkable case of this racial versatility in Americans is certainly afforded by Mr. Marion Crawford. The readiest way to realize it is to call up a comparison between his romances and those of writers so popular and distinguished as the late Mr. Seton Merriman, or Mr. A. E. Mason,

or Mr. Anthony Hope. These men tell stories of adventure in Corsica, Spain, Balkan States, Morocco and other selected regions where adventure is held to be possible to-day; and their characters without exception exhibit in the most embarrassing circumstances the psychology of excellent English gentlemen; unless and when there is reason to emphasize a foreign point of view, and then it is foreign with a vengeance. But Mr. Crawford can write books which give us the sense of being transported absolutely into a foreign society, where every gesture and action and motive is somehow subtly different from what it would be among English speakers, though we should be puzzled to define the point of distinction. And again, his English people are other than his Americans, yet the difference is never emphasized. If he were able to produce this effect in dealing with Englishmen, Americans, and Italians, it would be sufficiently remarkable, yet the less so because Italy is his native country, and an American whose home is in Italy must necessarily see a good deal of English society. But the very best of all his books introduces neither Englishman, American, nor Italian, but deals with a little colony of Russians living and working in a German town. On the whole, it seems to us best to begin our discussion of Mr. Crawford's work by a detailed review of this very beautiful and characteristic little story, which he calls "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance."

The scene opens in the shop of Christian Fischelowitz, a Russian living in Munich; and with a severely logical method Mr. Crawford begins *ab extra*, with a halt at the shop window. Its most notable object is a large Vienna doll, inside which is concealed a clock-work mechanism; and the doll serves as an introduction to Fischelowitz and his wife Akulina, who are within the shop. The simple-minded South Rus-



slan gets all the amusement he can out of this elaborate toy, which he accepted as security for a loan of fifty marks to a poor countryman; but Akullna glares at it from behind her counter, because it is a standing reminder of the wasted money, and still more, because the loan was made to oblige the Count. To meet the Count we are conducted still further, into the recesses of a dingy backshop where the other personages of this drama are busy making cigarettes. The Count is among them—one of five workers, of whom two are girls, employed in gumming the paper covers, while the Count and Dumnoff (a stray mujik) roll the tobacco and slip it into the made covers by means of a parchment tongue. Johann Schmidt, the Cossack, has the task of shredding the leaf. Mr. Crawford has the name of being a romancer, but there is no realist who can give you more skilfully and surely the details of an unfamiliar business; and with admirable brevity he conveys the shape and color of everything in that little workroom. He has the journalist's faculty of interesting himself in life at large, and he stops by the way to comment on the special delicacy of touch which a skilled tobacco-cutter, such as Schmidt, attains to. But at the same time he never fails to remember that the figures, and not the background, are what matter; and with a very dexterously introduced conversation he leads up to the Count, who is finishing his second thousand of cigarettes. It is a dull life, "an atrociously objectless existence," as the philosopher Schmidt observes. But the Count, while admitting this, explains that its dullness matters the less to him, since next morning he will be far removed from it, and this day's work is merely a parting gift—a mark of his goodwill to Fischelowitz. This does not surprise the listeners, though they receive the announcement with varying emotions, and Vjera, the plain-faced

girl with the long red-brown hair, glances in entreaty at Dumnoff, who jests on the idea. Nor is Fischelowitz greatly surprised when he comes in to pay the hands, and the Count insists upon returning his wage of six marks. We, however, are left without an explanation of all this odd behavior; and the mystification is carefully maintained in the next scene, which passes in the street, where the Count, meeting Vjera, insists on the courtesy of carrying her basket. We know only that the Count really believes himself to be on the eve of recovering an immense fortune, and that so believing he asks the plain little girl to be his wife—not so much because he loves her, as because he thinks that he has given her ground for anticipation. For although a spring of the Count's action is left unexplained, he is presented from the first as a kind of modern Quixote—heroically and a little grotesquely punctilious. The measure of our admiration for Mr. Crawford is largely determined by his success in this character; it is no easy thing to draw a man ridiculous and yet also a noble gentleman. The Count, whose shiny frockcoat, miraculously preserved, is so vividly brought before us, is none the less presented in such wise that we recognize from the very first the need of his nature to act always up to the highest ideal it is aware of. And it is with a very fine perception that Mr. Crawford shows him visited for a moment with an apprehensive sense of duty to the position which he expects to resume. The passage shall be quoted at length, for it exhibits at its very best the vein of generalizing comment which occupies so large a space in this author's writings:

There are strange elements to be found in all great cities among the colonies of strangers who make their dwellings therein. Brought together by trouble, they live in tolerance

among themselves, and none asks the other the fundamental question of upper society, "Whence art thou?"—nor does any make of his neighbor the inquiry which rises first to the lips of the man of action, "Whither goest thou?" They meet as the seaweed meets on the crest of the wave, of many colors from many distant depths, to intermingle for a time in the motion of the waters, to part company under the driving of the north wind, to be drifted at last, forgetful of each other, by tides and currents which wash the opposite ends of the earth. This is the life of the emigrant, of the exile, of the wanderer among men; the incongruous elements meet, have brief acquaintance and part, not to meet again. Who shall count the faces that the exile has known, the voices that have been familiar in his ear, the hands that have pressed his? In every land and in every city, he has met and talked with a score, with scores, with hundreds of men and women, all leading the more or less mysterious and uncertain life which has become his own by necessity or by choice. If he be an honest man and poor, a dozen trades have occupied his fingers in half a dozen capitals; if he be dishonest, a hundred forms and varieties of money-bringing dishonesty are sheathed like arrows in his quiver, to be shot unawares into the crowd of well-to-do and unsuspecting citizens on the borders of whose respectable society the adventurer warily picks his path.

It is rarely that two persons meet under such circumstances, between whom the bond of a real sympathy exists, and can develop into lasting friendship between man and man, or into true love between man and woman. When both feel themselves approaching such a point they are also unconsciously returning to civilization, and with the civilizing influence arises the desire to ask the fatal question, "Whence art thou?"—the fear lest the other may ask it, and the anxiety to find an answer when there is none that will bear scrutiny.

Yet the very anxiety as to Vjera's fitness for the station to which he invites

her makes the Count feel more than ever pledged, and he presses the girl, who makes no secret of her love. She persists in strange enigmatic refusal, and he asseverates assurances. "To-morrow" his friends will arrive from Russia with all the papers: "To-morrow"—Wednesday. "Ah," the girl cries, "Wednesday—if only it could be Thursday!" And so we are led towards a new step in the history of thirty-six hours. But the step which must explain the Count's conduct is not yet taken, and much animated action has to pass before we accomplish it. After leaving Vjera, he strays mechanically through the streets, and a curious impulse brings him back to the place of his daily labor; for (Mr. Crawford generalizes again) "men begin to haunt certain spots unconsciously while they are alive." Entering in mere idleness, to pass the time of day with his employer, and craving, indeed, to speak with some one of the great deliverance which he feels so near, he encounters Akulina! and the shrewish woman tells him in language of voluble insult, that his pretensions are a mere delusion, that he is no Count, and has no prospect of wealth. Thus we approach the step, but the explanation is still deferred. Fischelowitz rebukes his wife's rudeness, and then, indeed, the vials of her wrath are unsealed, and the old grievance of the Vienna doll is stated with energy. The tobacconist, listening in silence, conceives the idea of a practical retort, and, taking down the puppet, he winds it up and sets it going on the counter. Akulina, in a sudden burst of rage, sends it flying, shattered, across the room; and then, angrier than ever, since the money is now irretrievably lost, upbraids the Count with responsibility for the whole train of misfortunes—the quarrel with her husband, the breaking of the toy, and the original loan to the plausible swindler, whom in truth he had introduced to

Fischelowitz. There is a shadow of justice in this, and the upbraided man, when at last he can get a word in, takes the fatal object, pledging his word of honor that the fifty marks shall be repaid "before to-morrow night." Thus the doll is in his hands when he enters the little eating-house where his comrades, Schmidt and Dumnoff, have their meals; and fate ordains that the doll shall be recognized by a German shop-porter, from whom it had been stolen by the defaulting depositor. The result is a brawl (described with immense spirit) in which the mujik Dumnoff upsets several policemen, and is finally lodged with the Count in the police station. It is only then that the peasant's brutal frankness gives us the whole situation. "Are you really mad?" he asks. Everybody believes it, he goes on to explain, because every week the Count has these queer fits of believing himself rich—which begin on Tuesday night and only pass off on Thursday morning. For a moment the victim of this hallucination is stunned, but soon hope triumphs, and he satisfies himself by assuming that the mujik is exceedingly drunk. And upon that understanding they settle down to pass the night quietly enough.

But outside there is perturbation. Schmidt, the Cossack, sincerely attached as he is to the Count, has escaped and gone to seek Fischelowitz; and on a disclosure of his purpose is sent off on a wild-geese chase by the malevolent Akulina. Quite late at night, abandoning the search in theatres and cafés, he comes back to wait on the tobacco-nist's doorstep, and as he watches there under the stars far-off days rise up before him; and Mr. Crawford, turning from the streets of well-kept, well-disciplined Munich, which he has described in a few incidental phrases, proceeds to elaborate a picture of very different surroundings, apparently no less familiar to his eye:

The Cossack thought, as he often thought when alone in the night, of his long journeys on horseback, driving great flocks of bleating sheep over endless steppes and wolds, and expanses of pasture and meadow; he remembered the reddening of the sheep's woolly coats in the evening sun, the quick change from gold to gray as the sun went down, the slow transition from twilight to night, the uncertain gait of his weary beast as the darkness closed in, the soft sound of the sheep huddling together, the bark of his dog, the sudden leaping light of the camp-fire on the distant rising ground, the voices of greeting, the bubbling of the soup kettle, the grateful rest, the song of the wandering Tehunak—the pedlar and roving newsman of the Don.

That is only part of the passage, introduced not to help on the story, but to give what is so necessary in a tale, limited almost to the traditional unity of time—the sense of time's passing. Time passes, and Schmidt finds himself not alone in the street. The girl Vjera is there too, on the same errand. She has heard the news by chance, and now in her distress she makes no secret of her feelings. The two try to waken Fischelowitz, but, failing in this, wander dejectedly away. Schmidt offers to see Vjera home, and in the curious intimacy of their solitude in the city, and their common purpose, they discuss freely the Count's hallucination. Schmidt, the philosopher, is sure of a reality behind it, sure that a man so good and honest could not have invented a story out of nothing. Vjera has not reasoned. Only she has an instinctive feeling of a crisis then imminent, which takes the form of dread that the ignominy of confinement may bring on sheer lunacy. Schmidt reassures her, but one thing she insists on. It is that he shall take her to the police station that she may see for herself—and, as the man finds, that she may go down on her knees in the street and pray. The passion of the girl's

vague entreaty, her outstretched arms to the bare walls, the sympathy of admiration awakened in the rough Cosack, and the few words that pass between them are given with a simplicity and directness that cannot be overpraised.

Events have now been traced from about five on Tuesday afternoon to the small hours of Wednesday morning, and the narrator follows Schmidt to his rest and his home. And here, to balance the action, Mr. Crawford inserts a passage of ornament which again marks a strangely roving imagination. Describing how the contact with Vjera's love for the Count awakens in the Russian thoughts of his own youth and longings for far-off scenes, the unattainable steppe, the writer stops to tell how, in Lapland, among a herd of grazing reindeer, there will suddenly break out a thirst for the sea, and how the drove, in one maddening daylong gallop, trample down each other and whatever stands before them, till, slaked and peaceable again, they are found by their masters a hundred miles away. The passage is, we have said, purely ornamental, and even irrelevant, but no one who reads it will wish it away.

The narrative of Tuesday ends with Schmidt's turning from reverie to the heavy sleep of a worker. But no hour in the thirty-six which the action occupies goes wholly unchronicled, and the story is continued by analysis of Vjera's sleepless thoughts. She is pondering the fact that this week a new feature has disclosed itself in the Count's story, for he has stated that he is in receipt of letters announcing his father's death. With dawn's coming, we go back to the central character. "Wednesday at last," the Count says, as the window "slowly grows a glimmering square." And the day of his delusion, beginning pleasantly to the song of birds, is not long spent in

prison, for Fischelowitz is early there to ball him.

After Tuesday's bustle, Mr. Crawford has to tell us how the hours of Wednesday went monotonously, with leaden feet. Vjera is in the workshop, ashamed now of her self-revelation, and wildly anxious for the sanity of the man she loves; while the Count sits in his garret, hourly adjusting his collar, to receive the expected guests. So the day declined, till suddenly a new thought changed mere waiting into an agony of suspense—a race for life against time. The Count's word had been given, and the obligation to pay Fischelowitz and Akulina their fifty marks was a debt of honor; if he failed by an hour to discharge such a bond, he was disgraced for ever in his own eyes, with no choice but suicide. But fifty marks was at the moment a sum as unapproachable as five thousand, and it was late in the day when he recalled the debt.

The dilemma, which to a perfectly sane mind could hardly present itself, wrought upon and against the other nervous strain of momentary expectation like wind and tide meeting, and Mr. Crawford shows us the true tragedy of a man driven by punctilio to the very brink of self-destroying madness. The Count leaps up, rushes out, to do he knows not what, till, strangled and dizzy with the stress of emotion, he leans half swooning beside Fischelowitz's door to which mere automatic impulse has carried him. He is roused by the voice of Vjera. In that moment when his half-crazed mind is deprived of its one steady support, the consciousness of perfect honor and unbroken self-respect, she realizes at the instant the peril to his reason, and drawing his trouble from him, takes on herself the practical task. She will find him the money—in an hour. If we are not entirely mistaken, the chapter which follows deserves a very high

place in modern fiction—not relatively, but absolutely. In telling how this Russian workgirl, allying herself at once to the Cossack Schmidt, raised the gold and silver almost piecemeal, Mr. Crawford shows a power of varied invention and a simplicity of true pathos which deserve the name of genius. And at any point the narrative is characteristic of the writer's strange acquaintance with the whole chequered detail of life.

It is worth outlining. Vjera and Schmidt together can muster twenty marks — keeping back one from Schmidt's daily earnings, for his children must not starve. Schmidt raises five more from Dumnoff by sheer force of will; an admirable page gives this scene, perfectly illustrative of both men's character, and, whether really or illusively, conveying the sense of Russian minds at work on each other. That makes twenty-five marks. The Cossack has an old samovar and a battered spoon, Vjera a wolf-skin. But the pawning value of these objects depends on their condition, and it is not too much to say that Mr. Crawford shows them to us, first with the eyes of Vjera and Schmidt, then of the Jew dealers. The total is brought to thirty-five marks, and Vjera has still a resource that she will not even name till she is constrained to. Then she speaks:

"It is my mother's hair. She cut it off herself when she knew she was dying, and she told me to sell it if ever I needed a little money."

The girl's voice trembled violently, and she turned her head away. Schmidt was silent and very grave. Then Vjera began to move on again, clutching the precious thing to her bosom, and drawing her shawl over it.

"The best man for this lives in the Maffel Strasse," said Schmidt after a few minutes.

An artist less alive to the need of concentration would have developed

the life history which lies behind that dying forethought, and that terrible knowledge of all markets for anything saleable. But Mr. Crawford, apparently the most diffuse of writers, never interrupts himself at the wrong time. We enter the barber's shop, and here again the whole surroundings, and the professional point of view, are given with the same unostentatious certainty of detail. Vjera goes in alone, the tress is spread out, beautiful in color, length, and thickness.

Suddenly the man sniffed the odor, lifted the tress to his nose and smelt it. Then he laid it down again and took the thickest end, which was tied tightly with a ribbon, in his hands, pulling at the short lengths of hair which projected beyond the knot. They broke very easily with an odd, soft snap.

"It is worth nothing at all," he said.

The hair had perished and could not be worked. At last, indeed, the end seemed to have come. Vjera began to do up her parcel again in broken-hearted despair, when the barber's apprentice made a suggestion. Her own hair was worth fifteen marks. The girl leapt at the offer. With the same appearance of leisurely detail, which really protracts the emotion, the whole process is described, and Vjera rises, shorn, but having in her hand the fifteen marks, and her mother's hair.

She tied up the limp parcel with the same old piece of faded ribbon, and a little color suddenly came into her face as she pressed it to her bosom. All at once she lost control of herself, and with a sharp sob the tears gushed out. She stooped a little and drew her shawl over her head to hide her face. The tears wet her hands and the brown paper, and fell down to the greasy marble floor of the shop.

"It will grow again very soon," said the barber, not unkindly. He supposed, naturally enough, that she was weeping over her sacrifice.



"Oh, no! It is not that," she cried, "I am so—so happy to have kept this."

Then without another word she slipped out noiselessly into the street, clasping the precious relic to her breast.

There is a kind of inspiration in that last touch, so completely portraying the woman for whom self does not exist, not even enough to make her think of the effect which she may produce on the man whom she loves—the woman whose ideal is not power but service. She has tendered her service, she has saved the man she loves, and what she has given up seems nothing beside the sacrifice she has been spared.

Vjera's action is the turning-point in the action, the passing of the critical step; the emotional climax is only its corollary. The money is brought by her to the Count, the debt is paid, and walking away with her he thanks her, still believing that she has merely given him what materially he can repay a thousand fold on the morrow, but knowing also that she has given him what can only be repaid with love. Yet the turning-point of emotion only comes when suddenly he notices what she has done, and realizes the cause. Then, indeed, he knows the tie that binds him. It is not only in the solemn oath by which he pledges himself, but in his unreluctant acceptance of her sacrifice, that he feels himself linked inseparably. Lost in the thought of his love for the girl, and the love that she had shown, his other preoccupation is forgotten, till the clocks striking midnight rouse him. Wednesday is ended. Then, and only then, does he know—that he has been mad.

As in a vision of horror, he saw himself standing there, as he had stood there many times before, listening for the last stroke, and suddenly awaking from the dream to the crushing disappointment of the reality. For one brief and terrible moment his whole memory was restored to him, and he knew that his madness was only mad-

ness and nothing more, and that it seized him in the same way, week by week, through the months and the years, leaving him on the stroke of twelve each Wednesday night, a broken, miserable, and self-deceived man.

And with this week there was a new horror. The girl, who had given so much, to whom he had promised so much, whom he loved now so much—could never be repaid. He had deceived her.

The rest of the story may be briefly told. If its end were tragedy, it would be unbearable. As it is, we should say that it had failed to take its rank among masterpieces for the reason that it is based on a fact so exceptional as to be outside ordinary experience—on something abnormal rather than supernatural. The Count is mad from Tuesday evening to Wednesday night. For the rest of the week he has no memory of the Tuesday and Wednesday preceding; and on the Thursday he returns regularly to his work—passing in a sleep of exhaustion from one state to the other. Vjera's fear is that with Thursday all trace of Wednesday may have disappeared this week again; that his love and his acceptance of her sacrifice may have vanished in the night. Yet the new emotion has been too strong—being an expression, not of the lunacy, but of the man's whole self. When he comes to the shop, she knows that he remembers: he remembers that he loves her, though he knows that something forgotten is behind him; and, poor now, he asks her to share his poverty. Then comes the *deus ex machina*, who, to do him justice, is not purely mechanical. As Schmidt had guessed, the hallucination was based on a reality; the Count's weekly madness was only to believe that barriers which stood between him and the state he once enjoyed were swept away; this week's new symptom, when he spoke of



letters received, had been real, and his family lawyer enters the shop with the news of his sudden succession. Mr. Crawford adds medical details as to the effect on the Count's lunacy, which are complete and satisfying, but they do not greatly affect the beautiful close of a very beautiful story, which is reached when the Count, after repeating unconsciously the speeches and farewells so often made by him before, when there was no reality to back them, presents to them who hear him the Countess Skariatine that is to be, and acknowledges with a fine dignity his debt to her and their mutual love. "And so love conquered"; for without Vjera the Count's lawyer would have brought the news of fortune to a suicide or a maniac.

The reason why we have devoted so much space to one book in the list of some three dozen which stand to Mr. Crawford's name needs, perhaps, to be given. When a man has gone on for a matter of five-and-twenty years producing annually from one to three novels, the public mind begins to take him without examination, and the critic can only hope to restore to himself or his readers something of lively comprehension by dealing with the particular rather than the mass. With many writers, of course, the difficulty would be lessened, because a great part of the work would be negligible. But Mr. Crawford is so clever and so painstaking that he has never dropped far below the high level of excellence which he reached within five years after his first appearance. "Mr. Isaacs" was published in 1882, "Saracinesca" in 1887; and "Saracinesca" is on the whole as good as any of his books with the exception of the story which we have discussed so fully. Yet a level is always a little tedious; and we incline to attribute our constant readiness for a new novel by Mr. Crawford to the immense variety of material on which he

can draw—and which excites conjecture as to how he comes by it.

The ordinary books of reference tell us that he is the son of American parents, but a native of Rome. His father was a sculptor. He had his schooling in the United States, his academic training in England (at Cambridge), and a study of Oriental languages took him to India, where he edited a paper. Moreover, he holds a master's certificate for navigation. These facts indicate a tolerable range of experience; but they do not account for an easy familiarity with German and Russian life and thought. They account, however, successfully for Mr. Crawford's *début*, in which we think he was lucky. If "Mr. Isaacs" were published to-morrow, it would not attract very great attention. The novel of Indian life was still a novelty in 1882, and curiosity doubtless helped the welcome extended to a talent by no means mature. "Dr. Claudius," the second of his novels, approaches much nearer to the easy, finished, quiet manner with which we have grown so familiar; though here also some traces of rhetoric linger. But let us point out that Mr. Crawford, who began by writing about British India (from a notably un-English point of view), immediately broke new ground and wrote, with still greater intimacy, about German student life, a cruise across the Atlantic, and Newport in its season. Since then, he has written stories of Arabia, of Constantinople, of Prague, of Madrid, of Munich (as we have seen), and even of a lonely parish in England. He has written three novels of American life pure and simple. But the country where his imagination is most at home, of which he writes evidently by predilection, is Italy—the country of his birth, though not of his parentage. And nine-tenths of his Italian stories are stories of the Romans and Rome.

In almost every other novel of Roman

life that we can remember, the writer has been immensely concerned with the background, physical and moral, afforded by the ruins of empire and the monuments of bygone splendor and genius. Mr. Crawford also is deeply interested in his background, but that background is a society rather than a city. He feels probably that horror of the guide-book which is natural to those who live in places much visited by tourists, and he scarcely refers to those things in Rome which people go to see. One of the latest and best of his novels, "The Heart of Rome," is a story of ancient monuments, but the whole pith and gist of it concerns the use which modern Rome makes of its artistic inheritance. In a story, highly adventurous, of the search for buried treasure among the catacombs, we have minute and admirable descriptions of the underground and half-explored labyrinth with its unmapped watercourses, which in itself is vastly interesting; but by Mr. Crawford all this is treated as mere machinery. His concern is first of all with the scope for speculation and smuggling offered by the conjectured existence of such treasures, and the need for evading Italian laws which forbid their sale; and secondly, with the masonic knowledge of facts concerning the labyrinth which exists among Roman artisans. These are the human factors which give life and character to his story—in this instance concerning a few individuals in contemporary Rome. But the portion of his work by which he would most naturally be judged is the remarkable group of works in which the Saracinesca family play a leading part: and in them it is quite plain that Mr. Crawford has attempted to represent dramatically, through typical episodes and typical personages, the history of Roman Rome as he has known it, its evolution in the course of his lifetime.

Reference to our previous source of

information shows that he was born in 1854. "Saracinesca," the first of this group, is dated definitely at 1865; "Sant' Ilario," the second, belongs to the year 1867, and some of its personages are present at the blowing up of the Serristani barracks, and the battle of Mentana. In these two novels, Mr. Crawford, describing the fortunes of Sant' Ilario, heir to the old Prince Saracinesca, describes also incidentally, but with obvious historical intention, the world in which they move, the life of which they are a part—the life and world of the Roman aristocracy in the last days of the Pope's temporal power, while Antonelli still held power in Rome, against Garibaldi's menace from without, and against plotters within. If we praise Mr. Crawford's picture, it is only as one may praise a portrait without having seen the original. Historically true or not, it is a most credible and interesting natural history of a very curious social order, into which his heroes and heroines fall quite naturally. They are represented as being the best of their social type, but the points of community between them and those whom they excel, even *toto caelo*, are no less distinct than the points of difference; yet we never for an instant feel that Mr. Crawford is unduly stressing this or that racial characteristic as a foreigner is almost certain to do. The two complementary novels, "Don Orsino" and "Corleone," which concern themselves principally with the fortunes of Sant' Ilario's eldest son, just as the earlier pair centred in Sant' Ilario himself, belong, of course, to a generation later—to Rome of the eighties and nineties, when the city of the Pope had become the capital of Italy, and in so becoming had lost much of its individuality. "Don Orsino" is a story of building speculation; "Corleone," of what may be called land-war in Sicily—trouble occasioned by the attempts of a Roman capitalist to open up the

country. The latter is from a novel reader's point of view by far the more attractive, inasmuch as the operations of *maffiosi* and brigands are infinitely more picturesque than the schemes of an unscrupulous banker. But our purpose here is to insist that these novels show that the true continuity of the series is as a history, not of the Saracinesca, but of Rome. How will the society described under the old order adapt itself to the new conditions? An answer lies in the fact that Sant' Ilario, the noble type of the old school, finds his use ended. He can indeed superintend his estates and organize farming operations on the grand scale; but outside that there is no career for those who stood by the Papacy in its last days of temporal power. Sant' Ilario does not feel the exclusion as a loss, being happy in the fruition of a great passion which has lasted: but his son is acutely miserable in the enforced inaction, the routine of a merely social existence. And the only link between the generations is the noble whose bringing up had not been noble. San Giacinto, the Saracinescas' kinsman, was head of a stock believed to be extinct, who nevertheless appeared suddenly, in control of a fortune earned by successful speculation. This man, bred an innkeeper, adapts himself easily to the new conditions, and, having capital to back his judgment, amasses great wealth. The example of his success is more potent than his restraining advice, and in the story of Orsino's building ventures—and first love affair—he plays only a negative part. But he is the active inspirer of Orsino's second plunge into business—for it is San Giacinto who purchases the hereditary estate of the Corleone, and proposes that Orsino shall look after it for him. In this book, we are for the most part remote from Rome. Yet even in Sicily we are shown the Romans as Romans—a people looked upon as almost

alien by the local population; and we are shown also Sicilian nobles, men of unquestioned family but questionable reputation, admitted to a place in Roman society by virtue of kinship with a great Roman house. Politically speaking, the interest of the work lies in the relation of Roman nobility to other parts of Italy; and the fact that this relation makes itself felt is presumably a part of the new order.

For in "Corleone," the story has to do with the contact of two different civilizations, both of them now Italian. This marks a sharp difference between it and the masterpiece which it naturally calls to mind—Mérimée's "Colomba." The great French writer has none of Mr. Crawford's generalizing train of mind; he tells his story of individuals as individuals. But Mr. Crawford, at all events when he is writing of modern Italy, never loses sight of his aim to depict a society through typical persons. There is no doubt which is the better manner; for pure narrative abhors philosophy, and Mérimée, very often under the mask of some philosophic or philological generalization, contrives to give us a recital of facts as forcible and direct and incisive as could be found in some Icelandic saga. Mr. Crawford, unless we are greatly mistaken, has made a close study of Mérimée, whom at all events he resembles in his studiously dispassioned tone and detached attitude. But he, very rightly, follows his own nature, and its bent is philosophic and generalizing. Action interests him less for its own sake than as the index to a group of social facts; and nothing is more to his credit than his abstinence from the use of violent incident which he can describe so admirably, whenever such incident ceases to be typical of the particular society which he has in hand. For instance, he has evidently made up his mind that the characteristic encounter of modern Rome is not

the duel, but war on the money market, and in the story of Orsino's first adventure there is hardly a suggestion of physical challenge, though in the other three novels of this group we live in an atmosphere where the clash of steel is often heard. Again in the novel of American life which we have set on our list, there is hardly more incident than Mr. Howells would permit: the whole story turns on the collision of strong and choleric natures over matters almost trivial.

This fidelity has its reward. For the gift of pure narrative, the thing needed is that dramatizing faculty, that gift of tremendous concrete realization, which is a function of the whole nature rather than the pure intelligence. In Mr. Crawford the intelligence predominates; the other factors (whatever one may choose to call them) are defective in proportion. But intelligence is the thing needed to seize the characteristics of a social order, and here Mr. Crawford is hard to beat. We have discussed his presentation of Roman society in its changing phases; he gives us the life of America with the same sure touch. And let it be remarked that he selects always what is least glaringly national, most cosmopolitan—that is to say, the society of those persons who have or have had leisure and opportunity to read, to travel, to meet men and women of other countries. His Americans are the least highly colored of any known to us, the least obviously distinguishable from English people; and yet the whole atmosphere in "*Katharine Lauderdale*," is absolutely un-English. Mr. Crawford's characters carry the hall-mark of their nationality no less clearly, though certainly less flagrantly, than Mr. Owen Wister's delightful Virginian, or not less delightful ladies of Kingsport. And they are certainly not seen from across the Atlantic—as, not less certainly, are those whom Mr. Henry

James puts under his amusing microscope.

So far we have been endeavoring to describe and characterize Mr. Crawford's talent; it remains for us to attempt an estimate of it. And here we may mention—only in order to exclude them—three books, loose historical outlines, of which "*Gleanings from Venetian History*" may be taken as typical. No one would deny that the book contains a deal of interesting matter agreeably related, and it is a good setting for Mr. Pennell's drawings. But it is curiously devoid of inspiration. Mr. Crawford has evidently read enormously in a dozen different directions, and out of his reading he has obtained many suggestions for vivid romance. Yet deprive him of his familiar method, and he grows almost depressingly dry. For instance, in this book there is some reference to the glass-blowing industry and the organization of the guild. But go to the novel which has been made out of the true story of Zorzi Ballarin and Marietta Beroviero, and you have not only a capital romance, but a superb description of the whole detail both of the manufacture and the art—a detail absolutely lacking in the book of "*Gleanings*." There is no better example than this particular novel of Mr. Crawford's gift for supplementing his primary interest of the love tale with a mass of out-of-the-way information admirably managed.

Naturally, when a man has been telling love stories for some years, he begins to rely a good deal (if he be wise) on this second string to the bow, and an obvious resource is the historic romance. In "*Via Crucis*" (a crusading story), and "*In the Palace of the King*," Mr. Crawford has struck out in this direction. What remains on our mind is the extraordinary ingenuity displayed in the latter of these books, which had for its hero the illustrious Don John of

Austria. The novel was of the ordinary length, yet its crowded and extremely complex action was all condensed into a time of four-and-twenty hours. Probably the scheme was planned for dramatization, and it was dramatized—whether by Mr. Crawford or another we do not know; let us hope, at least, that it was not by the resourceful stage carpenter who made out of "A Cigarette-Maker's Romance" one of the vulgarest inanities with which our ears were ever afflicted.

But in spite of Mr. Crawford's cleverness, we do not think that he will ever increase his reputation by ventures in the historic field—whether as historian or romancer. His talent is to see and describe what he has seen, and there is no man who can render more present to us an unfamiliar way of life. The very latest of his novels, "Soprano," is from certain points of view most unsatisfactory; it is rather an instalment of a novel than a completed story; the end is either arbitrary or insufficiently explained. But in the matter of conveying an atmosphere created by a profession, and the effect of that atmosphere on those who enter it, the book could hardly be better. Its true centre is not the heroine, Margaret Donne, but the old and still famous prima donna, Madame Bonanni. Margaret, the well-groomed, well-bred, clear-skinned, self-reliant English girl, when she wishes to make her *début* on the operatic stage, comes into a way of life of which Madame Bonanni is merely the most typical product. A captious critic might say that the contrast is needlessly glaring; that an aspirant equally gifted might be chosen who might be less opposed by temperament and training to all the circumstances of her vocation. Mr. Crawford can answer that part of his purpose is to show the irresistible attraction which the exercise of a talent has for its possessor—an attraction which will sweep away even

such repugnances as are inspired in Miss Donne. That, however, is not our point. We wish to emphasize the extraordinary power with which all the features of this particular Bohemia are given: Madame Bonanni herself is in a sense scarcely better done than the Jew impresario, Schreiermayer. But it would be superficial to say this and no more, for the great singer is accounted for and studied through and through—a study far more thorough than Sudermann's famous Magda. And here again the study is linked with a generalization. Bonanni is the Latin woman, exaggerated, in all the excess of the artist's temperament. Margaret is the Anglo-Saxon woman, who has in great measure to get out of her Anglo-Saxon skin before she can permit herself to be an artist. There is one dramatic passage which we really must quote for its astonishing insight.

Margaret Donne is getting her chance. She has been presented at the right time to the right persons, and Bonanni, who recognized the girl's gift and her complete natural equipment—detailed point by point in a scene where the veteran goes over the novice much as a dealer might examine a young colt—Bonanni has arranged it all. Yet at the close of an emotional scene where the fat, greedy, painted, good-hearted woman has wept floods of tears and poured out the story of her life, Margaret makes a reply which is perfectly natural, perfectly in character, and yet perfectly astounding.

"With your voice and talent, I don't see why you needed any protection, as you call it" (says Margaret).

Madame Bonanni laughed again.

"No. You don't see. All the better, little Miss Donne, all the better for you that you have never been made to see, and perhaps you never will now. I hope not. But I tell you that in Paris, or in London, or Berlin or Petersburg, you may have the voice and talent of



Mallbran, Grisi, and Patti all in one, but if you are not "protected" you will never get any further than leading chorus girl, and perhaps not so far."

"No one has protected me," said Margaret, "and I've got a good engagement."

A long essay could be written about the stupidity which is produced by the mere natural egoism of youth combined with inexperience, and the relation which such stupidity bears to actual ingratitude. But Mr. Crawford has put the pith of it into this one reply; and the rest of the necessary comment is very well given in the following pages, which reconcile us to this young person, in spite of her failure to realize that she is wounding the woman who has helped her not merely to rise, but to surmount her helper. It cannot be said that this book has added to Mr. Crawford's reputation; its shortcomings of construction may even have done him an injury. But a man's reputation must stand very high when it is not enhanced by the creation of such a character as the Bonanni.

To attempt any definite assessment of a living writer is always a folly as well as an impertinence. We should, however, all agree that Mr. Crawford's place would never be above that class which falls short of the highest—to which are assigned writers such as Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant. Mrs. Oliphant is nearer his mark than the creator of Mrs. Proudle and Archdeacon Grantly; any of Mr. Crawford's characters will pale beside these robust Britons. Perhaps the comparison suggests that what Mr. Crawford lacks most is what Trollope possesses most—homeliness. But after all, this is like blaming a good hunter for not being the best Clydesdale ever known. Whether the works of such novelists—the storytellers who are very good better than great—will last, remains to be seen. Poets of no greater relative

merit are still known by heart, though they died, perhaps, three hundred years ago. One opinion, however, we shall state boldly, and that is that criticism generally has never estimated Mr. Crawford at his full merit. He writes simply, without grimace or contortion, and he is no maker of laboriously distinguished phrases; and so he has no chance of praise for his style. Again, he is not a novelist of problems or of purposes; he does not lend himself to discussion; and he avoids habitually the subjects treated by those who wish to write a "strong" book (as the cant phrase goes). Any one who has written a novel will realize how much this abstention increases the difficulty, especially for a novelist who adheres to the old notion that the central theme must always be a love interest. Indeed, Mr. Crawford himself affords the example. In "To Leeward" he treated a story of unlawful love, and it takes no great judgment to see how much more easily situations and emotions are obtained in it than elsewhere. In a little duodecimo essay called "The Novel: What it is," the author's convictions are put down with great plainness (though with a distressing avoidance of all technical discussion). Mr. Crawford will not admit the plea that in art there is no distinction of pure and impure, but merely a dispassioned scrutiny. The novel, he says, "should never under any circumstances be permitted to deprave the heart or to weaken the mind"; and he has stood very constantly by his doctrine, yet without suspicion of prudery. The true object of the novel is, in his opinion, to afford a sort of pocket theatre, whose primary function—with which nothing must be allowed to interfere—is to amuse and interest. If it produces a healthy moral effect, that is only by a side wind as it were. The novelist's business is to represent faithfully men and women in the various relations of life:



and "the right understanding of men and women leads to the right relations of men and women." "In this way," says Mr. Crawford, "if in any, a novel may do good; when written to attain this end, it may live."

Well, to judge Mr. Crawford by his own criterion, we should say that he has understood men and women very well; above all, that he has a fine understanding of the qualities which make a gentleman—qualities which may underlie any racial type. This is

*The Edinburgh Review.*

perhaps his highest characteristic, though less salient than the versatile intelligence and richly stored experience which must strike the most casual reader. And perhaps the true reason why we are always so ready to spend a couple of hours in his pocket theatre lies, not in the curious and varied nature of the entertainment, but in our confidence that we shall like some at least of the people on the stage, and feel ourselves in sympathy with the dramatist.

## A NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

### I.

As the visitor mounts the staircase to the Public Gallery of the House of Lords he sees the following warning painted in bold letters on the wall:

**NOTICE.**—Strangers are cautioned that demonstrations in the Gallery are out of order, and must be treated accordingly.

Strangers have been expelled from the Gallery of the House of Commons for disturbing the proceedings. There is no case of a visitor having to be turned out of the Gallery of the Lords. As he surveys the House of Lords he finds much to charm his eye, to kindle his imagination, and even to stimulate his sense of reverence. He feels humbled, if not intimidated, by the almost religious solemnness of the place. "The Gilded Chamber!" Gladstone's descriptive phrase springs at once to the mind. It is glowing in gold and colors. All the glory of the "tiger moth's deep damasked wings" is seen in its splendid decorations. Yet there is nothing gorgeous in the scene. The subdued light of a cathedral—"dim and yellow" as Shelley found it at Milan—prevails, making things that might otherwise strike upon the senses as

garish a delight and refreshment to the eye. Everything heightens the impression that one is in the beautiful shrine of an ancient cathedral rather than in a modern Legislative Chamber. The lofty stained-glass windows have blue and crimson figures of the kings and queens of England. Worldly-minded men and women were most of them, but like saints they look in their antique garments, seemingly deep in rapt meditation and ecstatic introspection. On pedestals between the windows are large bronze statues of knights, telling of times when the battle of principles was fought, not with words employed by subtle-minded and ready-tongued men in frock coats and silk hats, but with sword and battle-axe, wielded by brawny soldiers in armor on prancing steeds. These are the barons who, in the dawn of English freedom, beat out the eternal provisions of Magna Charta with their mailed fists. Bold men they were, and wicked too, many of them. But here they look like patriarchs and apostles.

At the top of the Chamber is the imposing canopied Throne. Superbly carved, glistening with gold, sparkling with precious stones, it looks like an

altar, flanked on each side by magnificent candelabra of brass, having wax candles in their elaborate branches. The Throne of England is often spoken of constitutionally or in the historic sense. If there be a real, tangible material Throne of England it is surely this imposing structure, for here the Sovereign sits at the opening of Parliament in presence of the three Estates of the Realm.

There are two Chairs of State under the canopy. Formerly there was but one. The old chair was designed by Augustus Welby Pugin. It has been in the House of Lords since the Chamber was first used in 1847, and Queen Victoria sat in it on the occasions that she opened Parliament in person. But an historical innovation marked the first opening of Parliament by King Edward VII. on February 14, 1901. By command of His Majesty the Throne was provided with a second State chair for Queen Alexandra. It was the first time, perhaps, in English history that a Queen-Consort accompanied the King in equal state to the opening of Parliament. The new State chair—that on the left of the Throne—is almost an exact replica of the old in design and ornamentation, the only difference being that it is an inch and a half lower. Both chairs, with their fine carvings, gilt with English gold-leaf, and the rich embroideries of the Royal Arms on their crimson velvet backs, greatly enhance the imposing splendor of the Throne.

Everything in the Chamber helps to indicate the large place which the House of Lords has so long filled in English history and tradition. You feel in the presence of an institution of which ages are the dower. Here is manifestly a survival of an ancient constitution of society. "There is no more reason in hereditary legislation," said Benjamin Franklin, "than there would be in hereditary professors of

mathematics." How is it then that this strange anomaly, this curious hereditary ruling Chamber, this assembly of men who are law-makers merely by the accident of birth, still lifts its ancient towers and battlements high and dry in an apparently secure position, above the ever rising tide of democracy? Perhaps in the lessons which are taught by the frescoes in this temple of the hereditary principle the explanation of its survival is to be found. There are three above the Throne, set in archways with elaborate gilt mouldings. The centre one is "The Baptism of Ethelbert," and on either side are "Edward III. conferring the Order of the Garter on Edward the Black Prince," and "Henry, Prince of Wales, committed to prison for assaulting Judge Gascoigne." Behind the Strangers' Gallery are three other frescoes of the spirits that are supposed to reign over the deliberation of the Peers—"Religion," "Chivalry," and "Love." This order of patricians has survived because it has taken to heart the lesson of a time which smiles at the claims of long descent—the constitutional as well as the religious lesson of the native equality of men.

## II.

It is only when the Lord Chancellor, a severely judicial figure in big gray wig and black silk gown, takes his seat on the Woolsack—that crimson lounge just inside the light railing which fronts the Throne—that the illusion of being in the splendid chapel of a great cathedral is destroyed. Seated at the table fronting the Lord Chancellor is the Clerk of the Parliament, and his two assistant clerks, in wigs and gowns. Next, in the centre of the floor, are three or four benches which are known as "the cross-benches." On the first the Prince of Wales sits, when present in the House. The others are used by peers of "cross-

bench mind" (as Earl Granville once happily described them), who owe no allegiance to either of the two great political parties. This is a fact of considerable significance. It indicates the independence of the Lords, to some extent at least, of the Party system. In the House of Commons there are no cross-benches. Nor are they needed. There is no such thing as an independent member. All the elected representatives of the people are pledged Party men. Even in the House of Lords the non-Party men are easily counted. I have never seen more than six sitting on the cross-benches. The peers temporal are divided into dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons—titles which take precedence in the order given—and certain of the crimson benches on each side of the Chamber are allotted to each of these grades of the Peerage. But except when Parliament is opened by the Sovereign, this arrangement of the peers according to rank is not observed. They sit indiscriminately, dukes and barons cheek by jowl, on the right or on the left of the Lord Chancellor, according as they belong to the Party that is "in" or "out." The Spiritual peers, however, always occupy the same benches on the Government side of the House, and close to the Throne, no matter which Party may be in office. In the popular fancy, fed on fabulous novelettes dealing with high-born society, the peers are glittering beings, always clad in magnificent robes and each with a golden coronet flashing with jewels upon his head. That notion, of course, is entirely erroneous. The Lords attending to their legislative duties wear sober suits of customary black or gray, just like the Commons, and when a Joint Committee of both Houses sit together for the consideration of a Bill there is nothing—no, not even a strawberry mark—to distinguish the hereditary legislators from the elected. The

Lords dress simply and quietly, just as they speak and do all things. There is no ostentation of demeanor. Indeed, personal simplicity is perhaps the most marked characteristic of these noblemen. But the Spiritual peers are distinguished from the Lords temporal by their flowing black gowns and their ample lawn sleeves.

The presence of the Bishops harmonizes with the religious atmosphere of the Chamber. But they are rather an anomaly in this sanctuary of the hereditary principle because they are but life peers. To the eye of the stranger they may also seem an obtrusive element, on account of their distinctive garb. But really they play a modest and retiring part in the work of the House. It is true that in times past the Bishops, mitre on head and crozier in hand, led the cohorts of the peers in stubbornly contesting every effort of the Commons to sweep away the disabilities, constitutional and educational, of Roman Catholics, Jews and Dissenters, to make civil and political rights independent of creed, to guarantee to all subjects perfect liberty of conscience and worship, in the odd conviction, it would seem, that these things of evil were the stoutest fortifications of the Church Established. They also strongly opposed the Reform Bill of 1832. But it would be impossible now to deny that their influence on the whole is most beneficent. For years they have ceased to act the part of narrow sectarians. They have been touched with a new spirit, singularly worthy of their great office as pastors. Politics give them no concern. But they are deeply interested in Bills which affect in any degree the morals, the fortunes, the comforts, and the pleasures of the disinherited and the poor. Everything that tends to spiritualize the national life, every effort to lessen the sufferings of sobbing humanity, may count upon their fullest support.

## III.

What a contrast is presented by the two Chambers of Parliament in deliberation! The House of Commons is a responsive, emotional and boisterous assembly. Humor it most indulgently encourages. Any joke will dissolve it into smiles and laughter. Party statements are punctuated with shouts of approbation or vehement dissenting retorts. There are even disorderly scenes. The atmosphere of the House of Lords, on the other hand, is ever calm and serene. How quietly and reposefully are discussions conducted! There is little rivalry or competition. The attendance is scanty, except on an occasion when urgent summonses are issued for an important Party division. The House is composed of close on six hundred peers; but three form a quorum, unlike the House of Commons where forty members must be present to "make a House." It is, however, provided by the Standing Orders that if on a division it should appear that thirty peers are not present the business in hand must be adjourned. But on normal occasions ten or twelve peers scattered over the expanse of red benches is a common spectacle. Oftentimes the low-voiced peer addressing them in the solemn hush of the superb Chamber might be likened to some lonely and isolated being talking to a strange and indifferent company on a topic far remote from the realities of things. The nobles are politely listening to the speech, certainly. If there is no imperious haughtiness in their demeanor, there is what, perhaps, is worse—a coldness which nothing, seemingly, could melt. Their way of listening, some with an apathy chilling but well bred, others with a lounging listlessness, adds to the curiously unreal effect of the proceedings. The restlessness and aggressiveness of the Commons are here un-

known. Nothing heartier than a faint and perfectly polite laugh disturbs the solemnity of the Chamber. A low murmuring "Hear, hear" does duty for a shout of approval. The stirring sense of life that pervades the representative Chamber is usually altogether wanting. It is only on the faces of the Bishops that you will find that look of anxious sympathy which is the secret of those who come into close contact with people and things. On the episcopal benches there is usually a glow of apostolic zeal.

No wonder, then, that over the visitor in the gallery, especially if the spell of the past be strong upon him, there steals a sense of loneliness and solitude. The strange and beautiful Chamber seems to become filled also with the immensities of time and space. And are not these placid, irreproachable, and intensely modern gentlemen in frock coats and tall hats sitting on the red benches below, but the statues, and the barons on the pedestals above arrayed in all the panoply of combat, from plumed crest to spurred heel, the living, pulsing things? See, the heads of the knights are bent as if they were listening with the deepest attention. Surely, if they were but addressed by an orator of intense and glowing mind, they would raise their voices in tempestuous uproar and shake their swords and lances with thunderous menace!

The difference between the House of Commons and the House of Lords is vividly presented in the diary of the Earl of Shaftesbury. He had had the advantage of many years' experience in the House of Commons as Lord Ashley before he was called to the Upper Chamber on the death of his father. On the evening of the day that he took his seat in the House of Lords, June 23, 1851, he wrote in his diary:

It seems no place for me; a "statue gallery," some say a "dormitory." Full half a dozen peers said to me within

as many minutes, "You'll find this very different from the House of Commons. We have no orders, no rules, no sympathies to be stirred." Shall I ever be able to do *anything*? They are cold, short, and impatient. But God has willed it, and I must, and by His grace, will do my duty.

He spoke the very next day—though briefly and with apologies for addressing their lordships so soon—on the second reading of his Bill for the inspection and registration of lodging-houses, which he had carried through all its stages in the House of Commons, and was now—an unprecedented occurrence—to conduct through all its stages in the House of Lords. In the course of the debate which ensued the Marquis of Lansdowne expressed the hope that Lord Shaftesbury might pursue in the House of Lords the career of philanthropy and social reform he had followed in the House of Commons. Commenting on this in his diary the earl writes:

It is, however, a totally different thing and far less stirring, far less gratifying. Success here is but a shadow of success there, and little can be gained, little attempted. . . . One of the most striking effects to me on removal from the House of Commons is my absolute ignorance of the political movements, thoughts, and facts of the day. Everything of importance revolves round the centre of the Commons' House. Unless you be there to see it, hear it, feel it, you get it at second-hand, and then only half.

Two days later he writes:

The difficulties of the House of Lords seem to thicken as I survey them. Everything must be done between five and half-past six, or you will have no auditory; consequently there is an unseemly scramble for the precedence, and a terrible impatience after you have got it. Yet I have received many expressions, and heard of more, that I should rouse them, and give them busi-

ness to do, and in some measure "popularize" the House.

He achieved one success, at any rate. On July 8 of the same year he made a speech in favor of giving to local authorities powers for the erection of model lodging-houses, which was well received and even cheered. "My surprise knew no bounds," he writes, "I had warned Nova Zembla!" The Commons are often in the Session summoned to the Bar of the Lords. Should the Commons ever summon the Lords to their Bar it will be a stern and strenuous call to the reality of life.

Yet it is true that on great Party issues, or on subjects of high national importance, debates in the House of Lords are often sustained throughout at a higher level of ability than debates in the House of Commons. Discussions, of course, are of shorter duration in the upper than in the lower Chamber. The Commons take a week or a fortnight to thrash out a topic which the peers will exhaust in a single sitting. More eloquent speeches are made in the representative Chamber; but there are also long intervals of dull and pointless talk. In the hereditary Chamber, on the other hand, only the ablest and most distinguished peers venture to take part in a big debate; and the speeches give the impression that they are delivered because there is really something to say, and not—as is too often the case in the House of Commons—because something has to be said in order to get into the newspapers.

The debates in the House of Lords are not only models of grave discussion. In them is displayed to a remarkable degree matured statesmanship and administrative experience. Archbishop Magee remarked that nothing struck him more in the House of Lords than the large amount of special knowledge it possessed. No matter how generally little known the sub-



ject of discussion might be, he said, some obscure peer was certain to rise on a back bench and show that he had made a special study of it. The House is not composed entirely of landed aristocrats, of great hereditary magnates, who are lawgivers only by the succession of lineage. In it also are merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, soldiers, bankers, civil servants, administrators of distant portions of the Empire who have been promoted to the Peerage for their success in business or their services to the State. Moreover, many of the peers who succeeded to seats in the House have had the advantage of previously serving in the House of Commons. John Wilson Croker, in a letter written shortly before his death in 1857, mentions that going over to the Lords from the Commons one evening he noticed, as a fact, "not unimportant to constitutional history," that every one of the thirty peers then present had sat with him in the House of Commons. "It shows," he says, "how completely the House of Commons has been the nursery of the House of Lords." There are usually in the House of Lords about two hundred peers who have sat in the House of Commons.

#### IV.

But it is not alone the difference in the demeanor of their members that accentuates the contrast between the two Chambers. In forms of procedure also there is a wide divergence between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Although the Lord Chancellor presides at the deliberations of the House of Lords he possesses none of the duties and powers which are vested in the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Speaker must be a member of the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor need not necessarily be a peer. Brougham presided over the House of Lords in November, 1830,

when the patent of his creation as a peer had not yet been issued. The Speaker is elected by the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor is a Minister in the Government. In the House of Commons a member speaking addresses "Mr. Speaker." In the House of Lords it is not the Lord Chancellor who is addressed, but the whole House—"My Lords." Another curious distinction between the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor is that while the Speaker cannot take part in debate—"he must not sway the House by argument," as the old order has it—the Lord Chancellor joins in every important debate in the interest of the Government.

You will notice that when the Lord Chancellor rises to speak he moves away from the Woolsack. There is a special significance in that movement. The Standing Orders of the House direct that if the Lord Chancellor intends to speak on any question for himself, and not as the "mouth of the House," he is to go to his own place as a peer. Hence, the Lord Chancellor's action in stepping aside from the Woolsack.

The Speaker is the sole judge of all questions of order in the House of Commons. The Lord Chancellor has no authority to rule a peer out of order. In the House of Lords, if there be a conflict of opinion, the matter is decided by the whole House and not by the Lord Chancellor. When several members rise simultaneously to take part in a debate, as is the custom in the House of Commons, the Speaker decides which shall speak first by calling on him by name. But if two or more peers rise together in the House of Lords, each insisting on speaking, the Lord Chancellor has not the power of deciding who shall first be heard. It is the voice of the House which determines the question. The Lord Chancellor, powerless to interpose effect-



ively, must content himself with looking silently on at the scene with severe solemnity. Of course, if it pleases him the more, he may give vent to his feelings by joining in the hubbub, like any other peer.

Happily, so strong is the sense of order and demeanor in the Upper Chamber, it rarely happens that when the House expresses its desire to hear one of the peers contending for its ear, by calling out his name, the others do not at once resume their seats. But some years ago there was a notable scene involving a Party wrangle over the question which of two peers, who had risen simultaneously, one from the Liberal benches and the other from the Tory benches, should speak first. Neither peer would give way to the other. To bring the curious situation to an end, Earl Granville, the leader of the Liberal Party, moved that the Liberal lord be heard. The House divided on the motion, and decided by a large majority that the Tory peer should be the first to speak. During the Session of 1870 Lord Campbell moved the adoption of a new Standing Order giving power to the Lord Chancellor to decide the succession of speakers in a debate; but he ultimately withdrew it as the discussion showed the existence of a widespread feeling among the peers that the ruling of questions of order should remain vested in the House as a whole. But with a view to the avoidance of scenes, it is the custom when a long debate is expected for the Whips of both sides to arrange the order in which peers who desire to take part in it shall speak.

It may be asked—why should not the Lord Chancellor be allowed to exercise the authority which lies in the chairman of every meeting of determining the order in which those desirous of joining in a debate shall address the assembly? There is a Constitutional point of importance involved in this proced-

ure of the House of Lords which, at first sight, seems so inexplicable. All the peers are equal. In no one of them can authority over his fellows be vested. In fact—as the Irishman said—one man is as good as another, and twenty times better. Therefore, when a point of order is involved, it is the whole House and not the Lord Chancellor that must decide the issue. The only right the Lord Chancellor possesses is the right possessed by every peer to call attention to irrelevancies. In the course of a debate on the importation of Chinese coolies for employment in the Transvaal mines, on June 28, 1905, Lord Chancellor Halsbury called attention to an irregularity in the discussion. But he was careful to say, at the same time, that in doing so he was but simply exercising his right as a Member of the House. "Of course," said the Marquis of Ripon, "the authority of the noble and learned earl on the Woolsack is great, but I wish to point out that as a matter of order he has no more right to call anybody to order than any other, even the youngest, peer 'in this House.'" "No, but I have the right to protest," said the Lord Chancellor. "I said I had no greater but no less a right than any other Member of your lordships' House." "I do not deny," said Lord Ripon, "that the noble and learned earl has the same right."

Should the proceedings in the Upper Chamber become very disorderly, all that is provided for the quelling of the disturbance is the reading by the Clerk of the Parliaments of two old Standing Orders dealing with asperity of speech and personal quarrels. In Committee on the Ballot Bill of 1872, the discussion became so inflamed that a motion was made to have these Standing Orders read. The Clerk of the Parliaments did read them, and, lo, and behold! the demon of unruliness was exorcised, and the debate was resumed in

an orderly and amicable manner. Quaint and curious, indeed, are these Standing Orders for soothing the ruffled tempers of the peers. The first, which was passed so long ago as June 13, 1628, runs:

To prevent misunderstanding, and for avoiding of offensive speeches, when matters are debating, either in the House or at Committees, it is for honor sake thought fit and so ordered that all personal, sharp or teasing speeches be forborn, and whosoever answereth another man's speech shall apply his answer to the matter without wrong to the person: and as nothing offensive is to be spoken, so nothing is to be ill taken, if the party that speaks it shall presently make a fair exposition, or clear denial of the words that might bear any ill-construction; and if any offence be given in that kind, as the House itself will be very sensible thereof, so it will sharply censure the offender, and give the party offended a fit reparation and a full satisfaction.

The Second Standing Order, which was passed August 9, 1641, says:

For avoiding of all mistakes, unkindnesses, or other differences which may grow to quarrels, tending to the breach of peace, it is ordered that if any lord shall conceive himself to have received any affront or injury from any other member of the House, either in the Parliament House or at any Committee, or in any of the rooms belonging to the Lords' House of Parliament, he shall appeal to the Lords in Parliament for his reparation, which if he shall not do, but occasion or entertain quarrels, declining the justice of the House, then the lord that shall be found therein delinquent shall undergo the severe censure of the Lords' House of Parliament.

Yet what potentialities of disorder and uproar in the House of Lords lie in the hereditary principle—in the immense privilege that certain men, solely because they are the eldest sons of their fathers, without any regard of their morals any more than of their

mental capacities, become, indefinitely, members of this ancient Legislative Assembly. There is only one bar, be it remembered, to the right of succession to a seat in the House of Lords, and that is bankruptcy. It is not so very long since English law regarded property as more sacred even than human life. The English Constitution still disqualifies its hereditary legislators for want of financial integrity, but not for lack of character. A bankrupt cannot sit in the House of Lords; but a black-guard may.

Conduct undignified need not be feared from the few aged and high-minded peers of whom the House of Lords in Session is usually composed. Nothing can disturb the habitual self-possession of these elderly and sedate gentlemen, nothing can discompose the fixed decorum of their looks and demeanor. However wistfully they may look back upon their own stormy youth, they may always be relied on in their old age to treat the House with reserve, respect, and dignity. But, then, there are the young and frivolous bloods of the Peerage, who are so noted for their physical virility and their high spirits? Supposing they were to bring into the House of Lords the traditions of levity and wilfulness and violence in which they have been nurtured—the wild practical jokes and fliti-cuffs of the public schools, the rowdy diversions of the Universities, the "ragging" of the Army? How they could turn the solemn House topsyturvy! Unhampered as the play of their caprices and antics would be by rules of order, what a disruptive and demoralizing element they might introduce into this select and tranquil and most ancient circle of dignified legislators. What a spectacle, if under the eager gaze of the crowded reporters' gallery they first were to lock up "Black Rod" in his box, overpower the Sergeant-at-Arms with a knock of his

own mace, and then—in imitation of the Irish tenants of old who used to compel the process-server to swallow the latitats he came to serve them with—proceed by force to feed the unhappy Lord Chancellor on the Wool-sack with slips of the pious maxims of the seventeenth-century Standing Orders. What splendid newspaper copy! What public sensation! What notoriety for the young scapegraces! They could not be haled before the police magistrate. If they were brought to justice at all it could only be through the splendid, stirring ordeal of an impeachment before their peers. They could not be expelled the House. Its doors could not be even temporarily closed against them. Nor need they have to fear being brought to account by constituencies justly inflamed by their outrages on the sanctity and dignity of Parliament. In all seriousness, this, it seems to me, is the one real peril of the hereditary principle. At any rate, a few young irresponsible peers, united in mischief, could easily turn the staid and solemn House of Lords into an Assembly more unruly even than the House of Commons.

## V.

The division which follows a debate in the House of Lords brings out another distinction between the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker. The Speaker is debarred from voting in a division. The vote of the Lord Chancellor is taken, though he does not pass through the division lobby like the other peers. The Lord Chancellor, however, has no casting vote. If the numbers in a division should be equal, the "Not-Contents"—or those who support the negative—prevail. In the House of Commons the issue, in a like contingency, would be decided by the casting vote of the Speaker.

The only function of a chairman

which the Lord Chancellor is empowered to perform is the function of "putting the question." This is done in the same form as in the House of Commons, save that "content" is used for "aye" and "not-content" for "no." "As many as are of that opinion say 'content'" says the Lord Chancellor, "the contrary 'not-content.'" A division is challenged on the motion. "The Contents will go to the right of the Throne," continues the Lord Chancellor, "and the Not-Contents to the left of the Bar." Two tellers are appointed on each side, carrying white wands, and the peers pass through the division lobbies, just outside the Chamber, to have their votes counted and names recorded, as the House of Commons. When the tellers return to the Chamber a slip of paper containing the numbers is given to the Lord Chancellor, who thus announces them: "Contents, 89; Not-Contents, 16." "Thé Contents have it," adds the Lord Chancellor, and so the motion is carried.

## VI.

But what, after all, is the main distinctive difference between the two Houses of Parliament? It was the custom at one time to describe them officially as the "Upper" Chamber and the "Lower" Chamber. The terms are still in use, though more for convenience' sake than in the sense of implying superiority and subordination. Bills which originate in the Commons are "sent up" to the Lords. The Lords, however, are careful to endorse these Bills with the simple words, "Brought from the Commons." On the other hand, the Commons, when issuing a new writ for a constituency vacated by the succession of its representative to a peerage, describes the outgoing member as "called up to the House of Lords." Thomas Creevey relates that, discussing with Wellington the relative

positions of the two Houses, the great soldier declared that able men were lost by being in the House of Lords. "Nobody cares a damn for the House of Lords," said he. "The House of Commons is everything in England and the House of Lords nothing." That was in 1818. Much has occurred since then still further to emphasize the distinction between the two Chambers. Every one knows that the House of Commons has absorbed in itself all the main powers of the State. Every one knows that the House of Lords fills but a secondary position in the Constitution, though by its suspensory veto, by which it can delay the passing of great changes until they have been directly sanctioned by the country, it still exercises considerable influence on the course of legislation.

I shall not venture to institute any comparison as to the relative importance, politically, of the House of Peers and the House of Commons, or to attempt to settle the question which Chamber is in these democratic days constitutionally "the upper" and which "the lower." It is interesting to note that, structurally, the two Chambers are in a state of equality. Passing from one to the other you have neither to go upstairs nor downstairs. A long corridor separates them, but should their doors be open the Speaker and the Lord Chancellor may see each other across the level distance. But there can be no dispute that in the æsthetic point of view the House of Lords is on a vastly higher plane than the House of Commons. This must always be a great advantage in a country like England, where there is so little to feed the imagination and the love of color of the man in the street. What, perhaps, first strikes the visitor to the House of Commons is its air of drabness. It is difficult to understand, for one thing, why its walls should not be hung with portraits of its great members or pic-

tures from its storied history. But the tendency of the representative Chamber is more and more to break with its mighty past. At least it is indisposed to enter into rivalry with the peers in their stirring invocation to the spirit of history, tradition, and romance. The Commons appeal to the business instincts of human nature, the peers to its softer and more poetic side. The House of Commons is pushful, eager, striving, noisy. The House of Lords is quiet and calm and dignified. The qualities that find the greatest play in the House of Commons—energy, resolution, enterprise—contribute, perhaps, in a higher degree to social efficiency; but their operation hardly tends to distinction and refinement.

Carlyle in "Sartor Resartus" suggests the scene of "a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords," only to be appalled by the stupendous spectacle. "Imagination," he adds, "choked in a mephitic air recoils on itself and will not forward the picture. The Woolsack, the Ministerial, the Opposition, Benches—*infandum! infandum!*" In the same work Carlyle asserts that "the Philosophy of Clothes takes scientific rank with political economy and the theory of the British Constitution." It is a wise remark in relation to the House of Lords.

The House of Lords has often been doomed to extinction. "I am quite certain," wrote Macaulay from Calcutta in 1836, "that in a few years the House of Lords must go after old Sarum and Gatton." How vain is political prophecy! Macaulay lived to take his seat on the red benches twenty-three years afterwards as a Peer of the Realm. Ah, the irony of life! Many political principles have been swept away. Many political gods have been cast down. The House of Lords still survives. But should the Lords ever again come into serious conflict with the Commons over the amendment of

the Constitution they might do worse than summon to their aid the popular love of spectacle and reverence of venerable customs. Let them restore the olden habit of debating in the trappings and suits of the Peerage. Let them crowd the galleries with their wives and daughters, sparkling in their jewels and still more radiant in their beauty. Let them fill the House with the spirit of action and affairs, and its attendant sprite, excitement. Let them allow the fullest possible facilities to the public for witnessing as the supreme justification of their existence, these impressive spectacles of superb

*The Monthly Review.*

elegance and lofty pride, and of hearing oratory of a pomp worthy of their beautiful and stately Chamber. What possibilities there are, in the artistic and dramatic development of this idea, of restoring the House of Lords to its due rank and power in the Legislature! Do you not hear already the tumultuous shouting of the masses in the streets, kindled to imagination and beauty by the enchantments of the House of Peers, no longer dim and cold but stirring and inspiring—"Down with the drab House of Commons! Up with the lustrous Lords!"

*Michael MacDonagh.*

## WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### FAREWELLS.

On Monday morning a message came to Peter from Bailiff Woods, announcing simultaneously that Mr. Ullington had telegraphed to engage him, and that Miss Manvers desired to see him immediately. He received the one intimation with no very great elation, and instantly, albeit reluctantly, prepared to obey the other.

He found Miss Manvers in her morning-room, sitting, evidently ill at ease, in a high-backed armchair; her feet denuded, as usual, of shoes and stockings and resting on a roll of oilcloth, which Nathalie, crouching beside her, moved backwards and forward beneath them.

"Morning, Hounsell," remarked the old lady acidly, as he entered. "You're a nice humbug. I've sent for you to tell you so. Go on, girl!"—(to Nathalie, who had suspended operations at Peter's entrance, for which she was evidently unprepared)—"go on. What are you blushing for? It's not the first

time Hounsell has seen me barefoot. I'm so lame for some reason or other," she explained, "that I can't take my morning exercise on the grass, so I've thought of this expedient. I used to walk up and down the room—the oilcloth is just as good as a flagged path when it's spread out—but I can't keep on my legs at all now. I don't know why. I'm sure I've taken trouble enough to follow out the cure in every detail. Unroll the stuff a little bit, Nathalie. This piece is getting quite warm; let's have a fresh one."

"I'm sorry you are so unwell," said Peter.

"No, you're not," corrected Miss Manvers, with increased acerbity. "You don't care a button whether I'm well or ill, and you don't mind how much inconvenience you give me. You're just as selfish as the rest of men—all men are selfish. What do you mean by running off like that without notice?"

Peter would not look at Nathalie, and yet he felt that she was startled.

"I am forfeiting a week's wages in-



stead of giving notice," said Peter, "and I am going to pay for the clothes you gave me. I don't think you've so very much to complain of, Miss Manvers."

"Don't you, indeed?" cried she, turning on him abruptly, and thereby bringing on an acute twinge of her ailment. "Good Lord, this neck of mine; it will drive me crazy! You should have let me put on that cream cheese compress as I wanted to, Nathalie. It's all nonsense about flannel. Much good your precious flannel has done me. Go and get me that compress at once. They have cream cheeses ready in the dairy."

Nathalie withdrew, stumbling in her eagerness to be gone. As she passed Peter she cast an imploring glance at him, but he would not meet it. He stood facing her cousin, square and stern, his hand clasped behind his back.

"What are you doing it for, I say?" continued Miss Manvers. "Why should you take another place when you professed yourself so anxious to get this one? I believe there is a love affair at the bottom of it."

Nathalie had seemed in a hurry to depart, yet some slight movement at the further end of the room, where a screen shielded the open door, inclined Peter to suspect that she was still present, and he returned, with studied coldness:

"I don't know why you should say that. Many motives may actuate a man besides love."

"Tis love that makes the world go round," announced the old lady oracularly. "Why shouldn't it turn a silly boy's head? Now listen to me. There are no girls on my premises fit for you to associate with, much less to marry. No good ever came of the mixing of breeds. I can speak with authority, for I made a special study of the subject. You mayn't be thoroughbred, but you are what I call a good roadster. Well, who would want to pair an animal of

that kind with a carthorse? See what I mean? Don't!"

"As you say," returned Peter vaguely, "it would be folly to put a thoroughbred in harness."

"I didn't say anything of the kind," retorted she. "Besides, as I told you, you ain't thoroughbred. But I don't see any reason in all this for your running away. I rather like you. I'll raise your wages."

"You are very good, but that would make no difference," returned he.

"I'll give you a house, then."

"No, thank you," said Peter.

"Well, I think you are a fool," summed up Miss Manvers. "I told you so before, and I am more certain than ever now."

"I believe I am," agreed Peter; "at least I have been one, but I am growing wiser."

At this point a rustle at the other side of the screen betrayed Nathalie's presence, and during the indignant outburst which ensued Peter made his escape. But he had not proceeded far down the long corridor which led to the hall when he heard hasty feet behind him.

"Peter," cried Nathalie. "Oh, Peter, stop! Where are you going—why are you going?"

"My movements concern no one but myself," returned he, drawing back from her and speaking icily. "I am sorry to have inconvenienced Miss Manvers, but it can't be helped."

"Are we to part like this," she cried, almost in a whisper, "after all—all that has gone between us?"

He returned her pleading glance stonily, and she continued, with vehemence:

"You think me wicked, but you don't understand. It is not my fault that I cannot love you."

"How many more times will you insult me?" cried Peter, with blazing eyes.

As she drew back, paling, he made a strong effort to control himself, and when he next spoke it was in a tone of assumed lightness:

"By the way, I have an act of restitution to perform. I must return your handkerchief."

With apparent coolness he produced from his pocket a small folded paper, which he handed to her ceremoniously. It contained the little, flimsy, foolish rag which had been so important a factor in the marring of his career.

Nathalie opened the packet, gazed at its contents for a moment, and then tendered it to him again. Her eyes were bright and soft with unshed tears.

"Keep it," she said in a whisper; "it belongs not to me—not to the wicked, sordid girl whom you despise—but to your Dream-Nathalie, who never existed. Keep it, in memory of what has been."

She thrust it into his inert hand; and in a moment she was gone.

Peter looked after her, hesitated, and at last, frowning, as though ashamed of the weakness, restored the handkerchief to his pocket.

"The Dream-Nathalie!" he said aloud; and then, with a heavy sigh, turned to leave the house.

Mrs. Meadway took a most lively interest in his future prospects, and appeared more excited than grieved at his approaching departure. It was she who first drew his attention to sundry practical matters which he, in his ignorance of housekeeping, might have perhaps overlooked.

"Ye'd best buy some furniture before you do settle in," she remarked that evening as they sat at supper.

"To be sure," returned Peter, looking up vaguely; "I suppose I had. Perhaps you'll buy it for me," he added, as an afterthought.

Mrs. Meadway was delighted at the notion, and said so.

"I have got some money in the sav-

ings-bank," continued Peter; "I'll get it out at once. Ten pounds, I suppose, would do for the present—just to get a few necessities?"

Mrs. Meadway expressed her satisfaction at the prospect of laying out those ten pounds.

"If you'll take my advice, Mr. Hounsell," she pursued, her eyes twinkling at the possibility of a jaunt, "ye'll let me get them things at Bourne. They'll be twice so cheap in the long run; and when 'tis a case o' ready money and not the hire system, why not *have* the cheapest? There! The bargains what's to be had in some o' they big places in the Commercial Road is summat wonderful. The second-hand be really, I mid say, better than new, bein' seasoned, so to speak. Then they has their own vans, so they don't make no charge for delivery. I think ye'd find it a savin' of expense in the end to let me go to Bourne."

"By all means," assented Peter; then, glancing across the table at Prue, who was very pale and silent, he added kindly: "And take your daughter with you. I should like Prue to go, too."

"Oh, no," said the girl quickly; "it would only be throwing away money. I know nothing about furniture."

"But I should like you to go," he persisted. He would not have the child so downcast; enough for his misfortunes to overshadow him. Leaning forward he smiled at her, and repeated, with gentle insistence: "I particularly want you to have a hand in choosing my furniture."

Prue jumped up, and ran away from the table without speaking.

"Hullo!" cried Meadway, setting down the cup which he had been in the act of lifting to his lips; "what's wrong with the maid?"

"There! don't ye take no notice," said Mrs. Meadway, with a tactful wink. "Young girls—they be that tetchy and that tilty there's no knowin' where to

have 'em. But she'll go, Mr. Hounsell, she'll certainly go. Don't ye take on about her—'tis the way o' womenkind, more particular maids, to go a-carryin' on, foolish-like; an' Prue, she bain't no exception. She be a bit upset just now—I'm sure I can't think what for, unless it be your traipsin' off in sich a hurry. She don't understand, bless ye. A innercent young maid like her do never look further nor the end of her own nose, so to speak. But she shall choose the furniture, Mr. Hounsell."

"Don't make her go against her will," said Peter indifferently. "I only thought she might like the outing."

"And so she will, ye mid me sure," returned Mrs. Meadway, still very arch and mysterious. "'Tis most uncommon thoughtful of ye, Mr. Hounsell; and Prue has really a very good notion o' layin' out money, and wonderful good taste. She'll know how to choose things to your likin', ye needn't have no fear about that. Don't ye be at all anxious, Mr. Hounsell. I know my own daughter—'twouldn't be in reason that I shouldn't. I can read her like print."

"What be driving at?" growled Meadway at this juncture, pausing, with a bit of cheese on the point of his knife, and eyeing his better half with some disfavor. "I never did hear any one wi' so much talk as you've always got, missus. What's all this-to-do?"

"No to-do at all, Meadway; nothin' o' the kind. Mr. Hounsell and me understands each other. All I be wishful for he to know is as there bain't no cause to be anxious; and when I do say so ye mid be sure as there bain't, for there's no one in this martial world, Mr. Hounsell, as do have a more anxious mind nor what I do have. I truly believe. There, I did say to the Reverend once: 'I truly believe, sir,' says I, 'as I be the anxious-mindedest person as ever was barn. The way I do worrit!' I says. And he did look back at

I wi' that kind o' smile—ye know the kind o' smile the Rector do always seem to have, no matter what you do says to en—'Mrs. Meadway,' he says, 'you, what be so fond of texts, you did ought to say to yourself, '*A Pillar o' Cloud by day and a Pillar o' Fire by night.*' Dear, to be sure! I do often think o' that; the words do seem made for I. I don't know so much about a pillar o' cloud—though I do lay me down when I be feelin' muddly in the head—but I'm sure, Mr. Hounsell, I do know well enough what 'tis to have a pillar a-fire o' nights. The way I do go a-tossin' and a-turnin' when I've a-got anything on my mind, an' my face that burnin' hot! There, Meadway do often say he'd as soon lay down wi' a hearthquake—don't ye, Meadway?"

An inarticulate growl was the keeper's only response, and with another shake of the head and a succession of winks, Mrs. Meadway pushed back her chair from the table and went in search of her daughter, much to Peter's satisfaction. Her familiarity repelled him, and the flood of talk to which he had scarce attended seemed to him as tedious as superfluous.

Prue duly went to Bournemouth, and discussed her purchases on returning with an interest and animation which pleased Peter. He listened—with that curious detached smile which she was learning to know—to her account of how she had discarded horsehair for cretonne and moreen for dimity, and of the wonderful chest of drawers which they had picked up, and the beautiful little pots and pans.

"They are all so bright and new, and shining," cried she; "as pretty as a picture! 'Tis a pity to think they should ever be blacked by fire."

"But they can be kept nice and clean. Prudentia, my dear," put in Mrs. Meadway. "'Twill be the pride and pleasure of whoever has to look after them to see to that."

And again she assumed that extremely knowing expression which invariably called up a frown on Peter's face.

At last the time for departure came. He had said good-bye to the keeper before the latter had set forth on his morning round, and Mrs. Meadway was standing by the gate talking to the carrier, who was to convey Peter and his effects to the station; but Prue was nowhere to be seen. He went from room to room calling her softly. He could not leave without saying good-bye to her. As in desperation he opened the wash-house door he felt at first a faint resistance, but after a little gentle pressure it yielded to his hand. There stood Prue, with face averted and shoulders heaving.

Peter softly closed the door and went up to her.

"So you are sorry to say good-bye, Prue?" he said. "Well, I can't be angry with you for that. It is nice to feel that some one cares a little."

He took her by the shoulders and turned her round gently; but the curls which had escaped from her ribbon hid her face.

"You must all come and see my new house some day," he continued, "and I shall come and see you."

He put back her hair, and placing one hand under her chin endeavored to raise her face; but she resisted. Nevertheless, he saw that her lips were quiv-

ering, and that her long lashes were wet.

"Well, I must go," he said. "Good-bye. It is really not for long, little Prue—not for long."

One hand still rested on her shoulder, and now, tightening its pressure, he drew her to him and kissed her lightly, as one might kiss a child.

The form encircled by his arm was indeed slender and immature enough, but the eyes which she suddenly raised to his were not those of a child. Looking into their depths he was startled, shocked at what he read there—little Prue was a woman! One moment, confounded by his discovery, he held her thus; in the next he felt her tremble—not as Nathalie had trembled in his embrace—it was otherwise, far otherwise with Prue; and again her eyes drooped, and she slid away from him. As he still gazed at her questioningly she slipped past him, and escaped from the room and from the house.

He did not seek to bring her back, but made his way to the gate and the waiting Mrs. Meadway.

"Ye'll have said good-bye to Prue, I d' 'low," she remarked; adding, as he climbed into the van without replying, "It'll not be for long, I daresay."

"I daresay not," agreed Peter; and he drew back under the green "shed" to avoid the meaning glance which he had suddenly acquired power to interpret.

Longman's Magazine.

(To be continued.)

## ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO.

A large amount of attention has of late been directed, by sanitarians, philanthropists, and social reformers, to the possible action upon the community, and especially upon the young, of the national habits in relation to the consumption of alcohol and of tobacco,

even in cases in which these habits do not approach the confines of what would commonly be described as excess. At a meeting recently held in the City of London, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, men of business were seriously invited, by medical

and other speakers, to consider the possibly detrimental effect of the ordinary use of alcohol upon "commercial efficiency"; and juvenile smoking is beginning to be seriously regarded by many observers as at least an element in producing an alleged tendency towards physical deterioration among important sections of the English people.

In these circumstances the prominent positions held by alcohol and tobacco as contributors to the national revenue, as the bases of great industries, and as sources of gratification to many thousands of persons, although they should in no way render us unmindful of any evil influences which the agents in question may exert, should undoubtedly render us careful in scrutinizing the character and value of any evidence which may be brought against them. If we take first the effects of alcohol, it is much to be regretted, in the interests of truth, that the attainment of complete scientific knowledge of these effects has been impeded by a certain element of fanaticism which has frequently been displayed by the advocates of total abstinence, even when they have been persons from whom calmness of judgment and adherence to fact might not unreasonably have been expected; and, among the forms of mischief brought about by this fanaticism, none have been more manifest than those of a reactionary character, producing a popular tendency to dismiss, as exaggerations, even the most reasonable warnings against the seductions of indulgence. No one, probably, now denies the ill-consequences which attend upon alcoholic excess, or seeks to palliate the evils of habitual drunkenness; but the question of the legitimate uses of alcohol is still much under debate, and the controversialists appear to have no present prospect of arriving at any agreement with regard to it.

The animal body is interpenetrated, in all its parts, by a structure known

to anatomists as "connective tissue," which envelops every fibre of nerve or muscle, every blood-vessel, every cell of nerve, or gland, or bone, or fat, in such a way that if all other structures were abolished or withdrawn the connective tissue would still represent the bodily outline in its entirety, and, if possessed of sufficient rigidity, would preserve its unaltered form. It follows that any general contraction of this all-pervading tissue must compress the structures which it surrounds and contains, and must tend at once to diminish the blood-supply which they receive, to check the activity with which their ordinary functions are performed, and to lead eventually to structural degeneration of their essential parts. Some contraction of this kind appears to be the process by which the best known of the admittedly injurious effects of alcohol are produced. The actual contraction and its effects are alike most manifest in the larger glands, such as the liver and kidneys, and in the brain.

When alcohol is taken in small quantity, in a freely diluted condition, and combined with agreeable flavoring matters, as in a glass of light beer or cider, it seems to have no other appreciable immediate effect than the relief of a thirst which itself is often of a very artificial character, and any superfluity of actual water which may thus be swallowed is speedily removed from the system through natural channels. To what extent the alcoholic element is removed together with the water, or to what extent it is retained to be afterwards burnt up and eliminated in the respiratory process, is a question on which physiological chemistry does not yet appear to be able to speak with certainty. Different conclusions with regard to it have been reached by different observers, and have seemed, sometimes at least, to harmonize suspiciously with their previously declared opinions.



When alcohol is taken in a more concentrated form, as in a glass of generous wine, the pleasure afforded to the palate is distinctly enhanced by a sense of comfortable warmth in the region of the stomach, and by a feeling of exhilaration which speedily succeeds thereto. The sense of warmth is due to the local effect of the stimulant in causing a flow of blood towards the stimulated part; and is the probable foundation of the popular belief in alcohol as a cold-resisting agency. This belief is absolutely erroneous; for nothing can be more certain than that a dose of alcohol lowers the temperature of the body as a whole, and that anything more than a very small quantity of it is definitely injurious when severe cold is to be encountered. The feeling of exhilaration is probably due partly to the sensation of warmth itself, but in great measure to the first general effect of alcohol upon the nervous system—an effect which chiefly displays itself as a slackening or removal of restraint. Many bodily operations are habitually controlled by the nervous system in the sense of being "inhibited," that is to say, of being kept within certain limits. There is a nerve, for example, which restrains the action of the heart; and it is known that, if the functions of this nerve be checked or suspended, the heart will beat wildly and irregularly. In the same way, judging from analogy and experience, some restraint is exercised by a well-balanced nervous system over the order and the rapidity of succession of the thoughts, with the result that a certain gravity and decorum are maintained, and that the facts of life are regarded in their correct relative proportions to each other. Under the influence of alcoholic stimulation the normal grip upon the thoughts, so to speak, early becomes relaxed, the currents of associated ideas become more rapid, the possible consequences of injudicious

speech are forgotten or ignored, and checks which would be imposed by prudence are apt to be cast aside. Under this influence, if it be not carried too far, the shy or silent man may become a brilliant talker, and an ordinarily sluggish brain may be roused into temporary activity. It would be through this action that Addison, according to Macaulay, "found that wine broke the spell which lay on his fine intellect," and by its aid overcame the timidity which, in the presence of strangers, arrested his unrivalled powers as a conversationalist. Every one has seen farther stages of the same effect, during which increased rapidity of thought has passed into incoherence, and incoherence into stupor, while volitional control over muscular movements was early impaired and ultimately suspended. The resulting condition may be described as acute alcoholic poisoning, and is clearly due to the presence of alcohol in the circulating blood, and to its deleterious effect upon the cells of the brain and other nervous centres to which it is conveyed. The acute stage is usually followed by headache, by nausea or sickness, and by various evidences of severe disturbance of the digestive functions; and these consequences pass away as the alcohol is gradually eliminated from the system. A single occasion of drunkenness—that is, of acute alcoholic poisoning—may probably be perfectly recovered from, leaving no physical injury behind.

It is a favorite contention of total abstainers that alcohol is never of any real use in the organism, that any temporary increase of physical energy or of intellectual activity which it may apparently produce is always followed by a corresponding or even a greater degree of reaction, and that it contributes nothing to the repair or the maintenance of the tissues. It does not appear to me that either of these contentions can be maintained. I have often

experienced, or at least have believed, that, when tired or jaded, a glass of wine has helped me to pull myself together for an effort to meet some urgent professional requirement; and I have not been conscious of any subsequent depression. I have seen, and so, I think, must every man in large medical practice, many instances in which life has been maintained for long periods upon alcohol alone, or at least upon the forms and combinations in which it is commonly administered, and in which, if it did not actually maintain the bodily tissues, it yet saved them from destruction by being itself burnt off as fuel for the maintenance of animal heat. I attach far more importance to sick-room experiences of this kind than to laboratory experiments, even when these have not been instituted merely for the support of a foregone conclusion; and I think there is valid evidence that, in the great majority of persons, a small amount of alcohol may in some way be utilized in the economy, and that, either by sustaining heat by inhibiting waste, or by supplying material for the maintenance of tissue, it may be used up with beneficial results, or at least without injury, to the consumer. There is an apparent, but I think not a real contradiction, between the statement that alcohol ordinarily lowers the bodily temperature and the statement that it may in certain circumstances supply fuel by which the temperature is maintained. When there is already an abundant fuel supply, alcohol appears to diminish the rate of combustion; although, when there is a deficiency, it may itself be utilized. If we throw a quantity of coal dust upon a brisk fire we shall damp it down for a time, but we shall also preserve it from complete extinction for a considerable period.

It is nevertheless probable that the amount of alcohol which can be habitually consumed beneficially, or even

quite harmlessly, is, for the majority of people, far less than they are commonly accustomed to believe; and it is also probable that the customary sensations of average well-being, of which the majority of moderate drinkers are presumably conscious, usually represent a standard of health somewhat lower than that which would actually be attainable by the same individuals. In other words, there is reason to believe that the ordinary citizen in comfortable circumstances consumes, as a rule, more alcohol than is good for him, or than he can eliminate without some degree of injury; and that to some unknown extent he thereby diminishes his prospects of longevity and his power of resisting the inroads of disease. Whether the pleasure afforded by the alcohol be worth the consequences of consuming it is, of course, a question for individual consideration; but it is certain that hundreds of prosperous men die in the course of their seventh decade, or even earlier, who, if they had been total abstainers, would probably have lived ten years longer.

When alcohol is habitually consumed in excess of the moderate quantity which can be utilized with benefit, or at least without apparent injury, the excess appears to bring about a long succession of nutritive changes, of which the immediate cause, as already mentioned, is a slow overgrowth and contraction of the connective tissue, apt to be especially manifest in those portions of it which form the supporting fabric of the brain, the liver, and the kidneys. The slowly increasing interstitial compression to which these great vital organs are thus subjected has the twofold effect of gradually cutting off the blood-supply which is essential to the performance of their functions, and of strangling and destroying the cells which constitute the essential portions of their structure. The rate of progress of such changes, and the speed with

which they undermine the powers of life, are very variable, but may perhaps be said to depend mainly upon three factors—the amount and regularity of the alcoholic excess, the amount of food consumed, and the amount of exercise taken. The influence of the first of these factors must be so obvious as to require no consideration, unless it be necessary to point out that different persons display different powers of resistance to the effects of alcohol, and that no complete or sufficient explanation of these differences has hitherto been forthcoming. The amount of food consumed is a matter of supreme importance, and the more so because a certain degree of habitual excess in eating is scarcely condemned by public opinion, or regarded in its true light by many who would be described as educated people. It has been well said that vast numbers of persons “dig their graves with their teeth,” or, in other words, that they habitually consume an amount of superfluous food which casts a heavy burden upon the organs by which such superfluity is removed. These organs are mainly the liver and the kidneys, and to overtax them is to permit the body to be poisoned by its own waste. It is manifest that if they are not only overtaxed, but at the same time impeded in their activity by changes in their connective tissue produced by alcohol, the two evils will react upon and aggravate each other, and that the effects of self-poisoning will be increased and accentuated by those of structural degeneration. The consequences of common habits of life may be seen any day in the obituary list of the “Times” paper, referring, as it does, exclusively or chiefly to the well-to-do. That list, for the day on which these words are written, and which was taken absolutely at random, contained thirty-five names, and the ages of the deceased persons were given in twenty-seven instances.

Among them were seven persons in their eighth decade, and one gentleman of ninety-four; but the ages of the remaining nineteen reduced the average age at death to sixty-seven, and, when the eight long-lived persons were omitted, the average age of the nineteen was only sixty years and six months. People are said to die of gout, or of heart-disease, or of kidney disease, or of liver disease, or of a complication of these maladies; but what they really die of, when they die prematurely, is usually degeneration of tissue consequent upon superfluous food and upon superfluous wine, or upon the daily recurring overtaxation of the vital organs by which the processes of nutrition are conducted or controlled. Sometimes we find the premature death ascribed to pneumonia, or to influenza, or to accident; and we may generally read between the lines of the announcement that the powers of vital resistance had previously been reduced below their proper standard. What is the meaning of the annual exodus of rich people to foreign watering-places and “cures” except that good cookery and fine wines have tempted them to the daily over-indulgence of undisciplined appetites, and that they seek, in comparative or complete abstinence, and in violent medication, what is at best a temporary relief from discomfort, and a temporary renewal of their power to do violence to the dictates of nature and of common sense? “Nature,” Sir Andrew Clark used to say, “never forgets and seldom forgives.”

The foregoing observations are intended, of course, to apply only to persons, or classes of persons, who lead perfectly orderly and decorous lives, and who would be shocked and indignant if they were individually described as the victims of excess. This, however, is precisely what they are; for the proper measure of excess, in

respect of food and of alcoholic drink, is furnished by the amount of either or of both which can be employed for the purpose of making good the daily expenditure incidental to the processes of life. Everything beyond this becomes itself an occasion of effort for its mere removal; and, if the effort be not made, becomes a source of poisoning, the tendency of which is to be cumulative, and to display itself now and again in a more or less explosive fashion, in the guise of a fit of gout or of a so-called "bilious attack." It is self-evident that a very small consumption of food will permit of a more free indulgence in alcohol, and that total abstinence from alcohol will permit of a more free indulgence in food than would be possible if what may perhaps be described as a moderate degree of excess were to be practised in both directions at once. It is the ordinary daily "good dinner," perhaps eaten too quickly for its more than satisfying character to be recognized, and the superfluous glass or glasses of wine attendant upon it, that do the mischief in ordinary life and among reputable people. The existence of the sot may undoubtedly be prolonged by the diminished inclination for food which follows from the injury done by alcohol to his digestion; and the advantages of abstinence from alcohol may as undoubtedly be diminished, in a large proportion of cases, by the amount of food, and especially of sweet dishes, frequently consumed by total abstainers. In order to obtain the full benefit of their self-denial, if self-denial it be, the latter estimable class should act upon a precept which was much inculcated by the grandparents and great-grandparents of the present generation, and should "rise from table with an appetite." On the whole, a daily superfluity of food is perhaps a worse evil than a daily superfluity of alcohol, assuming neither

to be carried to manifest excess. The latter has at least the excuse of the attendant exhilaration, while the former brings mankind into comparatively close kinship with the porcine animals which most people would think it discreditable to resemble.

The amount of exercise taken by any individual largely determines the amount of his expenditure of force and of tissue, and hence determines also the amount of nutriment required for the maintenance of his body in full activity. A highly accomplished physician, the late Dr. Peter Hood, was accustomed to insist very strongly upon the frequent illnesses which were produced, among men in easy circumstances, by the continuance during the London season, or during the session of Parliament, as a mere matter of habit, of a consumption of food and wine which might not have been excessive during daily active exercise in the pursuit of sport, but which became injurious as soon as this pursuit was discontinued. The hard-drinking squires of the eighteenth century were mostly men of great activity of life, and even then were seldom conspicuous for longevity; while at all times and in all classes there have been exceptional individuals who have set ordinary rules at defiance, and have nevertheless enjoyed an immunity from evil consequences which has seldom been extended to their imitators. I remember a trial about a right of way, in which the evidence of some of the oldest inhabitants of the locality was adduced, and which was held before a learned judge who was at once deeply conscious of the mischiefs wrought by alcohol, and earnestly solicitous to improve any occasions for moralizing which his duties might afford. A witness was produced, a village patriarch far advanced in his eighties, erect, vigorous, clear-headed, who replied to all questions with promptitude and de-

cision. Before he left the box the judge complimented him upon his state of preservation, and asked by what ordering of his life it had been maintained. Nothing loth, the witness replied that he was a teetotaller and a vegetarian, and described his daily existence in some detail; and the judge, deeply impressed, recommended all who heard him to follow in his footsteps. The witness was succeeded by his own elder brother, equally alert and well-preserved, to whom the judge said: "No doubt you, too, like your brother, whom we have just heard, have preserved your health and vigor by the strictest temperance?" The reply was brief and to the purpose: "I h'ant been to bed sober vor fifty year, my lord." Exceptions prove nothing, unless it be that compensating influences of an unknown character may render a few persons exempt from consequences which would fall with certainty upon the average member of the human race. There is perhaps some foundation for the belief that strenuous and continued exertion of the intellectual faculties may resemble bodily activity in its power to increase the demands of the system, and thus to produce tolerance of what would ordinarily be alimentary or alcoholic excess. It is said that Lord Chancellor Eldon drank a bottle of port wine every week-day during many successive years; and that every Sunday, when his brother, Lord Stowell, dined with him, they each drank two. Their ages at death were respectively eighty-seven and ninety-four.

The variability of the factors above referred to—that is, of the amount of food consumed, of the amount of effort made and of consequent expenditure incurred, and of the personal equation of the individual, renders it very difficult, even if it be possible, to lay down any general rule as to the quantity of alcohol which constitutes sufficiency or

excess; but, as I have said above, I believe the point of excess, or at least the limit of beneficial or even of harmless consumption, to be reached much earlier than is commonly supposed. I think, too, that the common belief that old people bear alcohol better than young ones, or, as it has been put, that "wine is the milk of old age," is decidedly erroneous. In old age vital activity and the waste arising from it are reduced all round, and the demand for aliment in any form must be reduced in a corresponding degree; so that an increase of alcohol, unless more than counterbalanced by a decrease in the amount of solid food, can hardly be anything but injurious to the consumer. In the course of many years of medical practice I have seen and watched several cases in which experimental total abstinence was not successful so long as the activities of middle age were being maintained, but in which the abandonment of alcohol in more advanced life was definitely conducive to health and comfort.

The position occupied by the medical profession with regard to the habitual and moderate dietetic use of alcohol has not, I think, been an entirely satisfactory one. The few medical enthusiasts who are themselves total abstainers, who run full tilt against alcohol in all its forms, and who rest their denunciations upon inconclusive so-called chemical or physiological experiments, mostly "made in Germany," may safely be left out of consideration. But, apart from these, the public mind has been exercised from time to time by the wide circulation of certain medical counterblasts to alcohol—counterblasts of which the origin has not always been free from suspicious circumstances, and which sometimes appear to have been signed, almost at random, by even eminent persons who would not have been individually prepared to support by facts and arguments the



assertions to which they had set their names. In one instance many of the signatures to such a document had shortly before been appended to a collective recommendation of a particular brewage of bitter beer. Another, which was extensively signed and widely circulated in 1871, was launched under the auspices of the late Sir George Burrows, then President of the Royal College of Physicians. My signature was early asked for, and I wrote to Sir George, whose name was already appended to the paper (which had been sent to me as a "proof"), pointing out certain grave inaccuracies in it, and some of the alterations which it seemed to me to require. Sir George, in his reply, gave away the whole case. He said that my suggestions came too late for adoption, the paper having already been signed by 150 persons, and continued:

I entirely agree with you in the opinion you express about alcohol as an article of diet. I think to a large class of persons in the climate of England it is indispensable, and I know many remarkable cases in confirmation of your own experience of the attempt to abstain wholly from alcohol. On the other hand, I think there are large classes of persons, in other more favored and in tropical climates, who may and do abstain from alcohol with advantage to their health.

The counterblast, which Sir George had already signed, set forth, among many other very questionable propositions, "that many people *immensely exaggerate* the value of alcohol as an article of diet," and it did not seem to me possible "immensely to exaggerate" the value of an agent which Sir George himself declared to be "*indispensable*" "to a large class of persons in the climate of England." As far as I understood the matter, the counterblast was intended to apply to English people living in their own country, and

scarcely at all to the inhabitants of other and more favored climates. Circumstances which afterwards came to my knowledge led me to believe that Sir George had been overpersuaded into attaching his name to a paper which he had not thoroughly considered, and that he thus found himself placed in a position of embarrassment from which it was difficult to escape.

The true position for the medical profession, in relation to the whole question, must, I think, rest on the admission that it may often be an individual one, as to which there can be no general rule that is not weakened by a great number of exceptions. My own experience and observation have convinced me that most men who are actively engaged in the serious pursuits of life may take a small quantity of alcoholic drink daily with decided advantage, and that it will supply them with material for the sustentation of tissue or for the maintenance of temperature at a smaller expenditure of force than would be required for the digestion and conversion of an equivalent amount of solid nutritive material. I believe that the quantity which can be consumed in this way with advantage is small, much smaller than is generally supposed, and that it becomes still less as vital activities are diminished by advancing years. Everything beyond it may, in strict language, be regarded as excess; and it is probable that continued excess, even to a very small daily degree, always does more or less harm to the person committing it. Habitual and large excess, as we all know, speedily produces consequences which are fatal alike to health, to intellect, and to character; and it seems reasonable to suppose that a smaller degree of transgression must entail at least some amount of punishment. My own impression is that it lays the axe to the root of longevity, but that, in the enormous majority of cases, it does not

either entail misconduct or impair efficiency during the active years of life. This view appears to be supported, as regards longevity, by the unquestionable fact that the comparative moderation of modern times is at least coincident with a remarkable general prolongation of life in the upper and middle classes, and, as regards efficiency, by the fact to which the late Sir James Paget called attention in an essay which, according to his wont, carried common sense to the confines of inspiration. He pointed out that the British people had been composed, for many generations, of a great majority of moderate drinkers, of a minority of sots, and of another minority of teetotallers. Assuming that the two minorities neutralized each other, the history of England, and the achievements of Englishmen, were the history and the achievements of the majority; in which case moderate drinkers had no reason to be dissatisfied with their record, and very little reason to suppose that it would have been improved by total abstinence. Whether the daily pleasure incidental to the extra glass of wine, or to the nocturnal whiskey and water, be worth purchasing at the cost of a probable abbreviation of life, is a question which every individual concerned must weigh and answer for himself. However this may be, I think it must be conceded, by all who are conversant with the dietetic habits of the most distinguished members of the medical profession, that total abstinence from alcohol is not the rule among them; and, on the other hand, I have been assured by public caterers that less wine is consumed per head at a purely medical dinner than at one attended by any other class of the community. Perhaps, on the whole, the main facts of the question could hardly be stated more fairly than they were by the son of Sirach two thousand years ago: "Wine measurably drunk

and in season bringeth gladness of the heart and cheerfulness of the mind; but wine drunken with excess . . . diminisheth strength and maketh wounds."

Before leaving this part of the subject it may be permissible to call attention to the probable influence of beer drinking upon the longevity, and hence indirectly upon the duration of the usefulness, of the artisan and laboring classes. We have lately been told by a popular preacher that "two-thirds of the national drink bill is incurred by the working man," and also, as a rider to this statement, that "he is often lazy, unthrifty, improvident, sometimes immoral, foul-mouthed, and untruthful." I will leave the reverend gentlemen to establish the latter portions of his accusation by whatever evidence he can adduce in support of them, and will content myself with calling attention to the obvious fact that the working man is short-lived. According to returns issued by the Registrar-General, "the general laborers of London are an unhealthy body of men. At all age-groups their death-rates are in excess of those of occupied males in London, and are therefore much more in excess of the standard rates. The comparative mortality figure of London laborers exceeds the average among occupied males in London by 23 per cent.; and, when compared with the standard figure for occupied males generally the excess among London laborers is as much as 48 per cent." The mortality among males of the class, notwithstanding the accidents of childbirth, is much in excess of that among females. Now, every one conversant with the habits of the working man knows that his consumption of alcohol is not confined to meal-times or to a night-cap, but that he has cultivated an extraordinary capacity for drinking beer on all occasions and at all times. His thirst is perpetual and unquenchable. In every other station of life

the suggestion of a drink would sometimes be declined, but by the working men seldom or never. A job or the want of one, a quarrel or a reconciliation, a birth or a death, a chance meeting or an appointment, are alike in that they all require beer; and the effect has been to develop a vicious habit, not only of taking undue quantities of alcohol, but also of swallowing superfluous liquid to an enormous amount. Reasonable people, who only drink with their meals, have very little conception of the extent to which this irregular beer drinking is carried, and there can be no question that it is among the most pernicious of the influences to which the working-classes of this country are exposed. It seriously shortens the lives of the men, it probably diminishes the vigor and viability of their children, and it leads to an expenditure in noxious self-indulgence which, in proportion to their incomes, is often enormous, and which constantly deprives their families of comforts which would be highly conducive to their welfare. No single reform could be more valuable to the working man than one by which he was induced to take beer only with his meals, and to abandon the irregular potations which have so powerful an influence in hindering the elevation of the class to which he belongs. This would be indisputable, even if the liquor consumed were of a character which any one not a teetotaler would describe as wholesome, but such a condition is by no means universally fulfilled. Some years ago I was familiar with country districts in which most of the beer sold in public-houses to laborers was salted to increase their thirst, and drugged to give them a belief in its potency. I heard of men refusing a suggestion to drink at the "White Hart," because they had a pint there last week and "felt nothing of it." They preferred to walk another quarter of a mile to the "Black Bull,"

where a pint would make a man dizzy almost before he had finished it. In large towns, where the publicans are mostly supplied from great breweries, admixtures of this kind are less probable; but it must not be forgotten that the chemicals employed, even in large breweries, have quite recently been responsible in the north of England, for a very wide diffusion of a so-called "accidental" arsenical poisoning, by which many deaths and much permanent disability were occasioned among the consumers.

From the consideration of drugged beer the transition is easy to that of the consumption of narcotics generally, and especially of tobacco—the latter a question which I approach with some distrust of my power to be impartial with regard to it. It is possible that I may be unduly prejudiced in the matter, partly by dislike of the smell and taste of the drug in all its forms, partly by the fact that my professional avocations have for many years brought its noxious effects very prominently under my notice, and partly by a survival of the recollections of my youth, a remote period at which smoking in public, or in the presence of ladies, was hardly tolerated among gentlemen. A cheap cigar was introduced into Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," in 1839, as an almost essential part of the outdoor holiday equipment of Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse; and, although it may be true that public smoking is now indulged in by quite distinguished persons, it does not by any means follow that the change is an improvement. It certainly has not been conducive to culture among their social inferiors. Living a short distance out of London, and often coming thence by train, I have frequent opportunities of observing the crowd of men and boys who return home after business hours, nearly all with short pipes projecting from their mouths, puffing smoke into the faces of

women on the platform, and elbowing them away from the approach to the narrow door of exit. These creatures always seem, to me to be quite exceptionally boorish and aggressive, even as specimens of the class to which they belong, and I cannot help in some way associating their pipes with their characters. Their want of self-control, and their animal eagerness for a selfish indulgence, lead them to utter disregard of the comfort or the convenience of their neighbors.

If any advocate of the consumption of tobacco is content to rest his advocacy upon the fact that he likes the practice of smoking, or that he likes what he conceives to be its effect, there is, I presume, nothing more to be said. Tastes differ, and must continue to do so. The only assertions requiring examination are those of the people who say that tobacco is in some way beneficial; and the most common of these assertions is that it is "soothing." My own reply to this plea depends mainly upon its humiliating character. I do not think that a man has any business to require "soothing." He should be able to face his duties and responsibilities with a clear view of their extent and nature. If he cannot do this without the aid of a narcotic, I am certain that he cannot with; for the narcotic, although it may disguise difficulties, is manifestly unable to alter facts. A man who talks about requiring to be "soothed" reduces himself to the level of a fractious baby; and my own observation leads me to believe that his narcotic tends at once to the permanent diminution of his nervous energy, and to the production of a sort of fool's paradise in which he is content to live. At one of the great American universities, I think at Harvard, the authorities instituted a definite series of comparisons between smoking and non-smoking students, with the result that the former were

surpassed by the latter in every competition in which they engaged, whether physical or intellectual, whether in the class-rooms, in the playing-fields, or in the gymnasia. All teachers are familiar with the type of student who lives in a fond belief that he will pass his examinations without the trouble of working for them; and he is invariably a smoker. Smoking, again, is in an extraordinary degree conducive to sheer idleness, to intellectual vacuity and bodily inertia, from the deceptive resemblance which it bears to an occupation. Few men could sit and do nothing, without a book or an amusement, if they were not smoking; but hundreds do so with the aid of a pipe or a cigarette, and all the time fancy themselves to be employed. In such circumstances they sometimes go the length of saying that they have been "thinking."

Admitting freely what is unquestionable, that an enormous number of men and boys like smoking, and smoke because they like it, we are still entitled to ask whether the practice can be regarded as essentially harmless. For the vast majority of adults who smoke moderately the answer must probably incline towards an affirmative. I have a very strong belief that whatever a smoker may be able to do well, he would have been able to do still better if he had never smoked at all; but the accuracy of this belief does not admit of demonstration. We know, it is true, that tobacco is a powerful poison, that even a very moderate quantity of it, taken internally, would be fatal to an unseasoned adult, and that the first experiences of smoking boys are by no means unchequered; but we are assured by the advocates of the drug that complete tolerance of its poisonous effects is soon produced by habit, and that, when once this stage of toleration has been reached, smoking will thereafter be purely beneficial. On this

point I can only express my doubt. We know that a tolerance of all vegetable narcotics is soon induced, at least in the sense that larger and larger doses are required in order to reproduce the original effect; but there are none, unless it be tobacco, in which tolerance implies eventual harmlessness. The rule is that all such agents, which, when freshly introduced into the system, modify the functional operations of the nervous centres in some agreeable way, end by producing structural degeneration of the tissues upon which their action is chiefly exerted. The easily acquired tolerance of morphia, of cocaine, or of Indian hemp, is only a natural step towards the degradation ultimately attendant upon their use.

The most important fact at present known with regard to a definitely injurious effect traceable to tobacco is its tendency to produce blindness. Concerning this effect, forty years ago I was myself somewhat sceptical, and wrote of it in the sense that I regarded the evidence as incomplete, but time and larger experience have placed the matter beyond the reach of doubt. In common, I believe, with every other ophthalmic surgeon, I have now seen a great number of cases in which habitual smokers have suffered from a definite form of gradually increasing failure of vision, attended by characteristic symptoms dependent upon manifest changes in the optic nerves, and always curable, if taken in time, by the total abandonment of tobacco, but always leading to complete and hopeless blindness if tobacco in any form were continued. In a certain proportion of these cases, as Dr. Priestley Smith was, I think, the first to point out, excessive smoking has appeared to be rather the predisposing than the exciting cause of the disease—that is to say, it has appeared to have reduced the nerves to a condition of weakness or vulnerability in which they were unable to oppose

their normal degree of resistance to other injurious influences. Thus, for example, the symptoms of tobacco blindness have been observed to occur in a sailor who, having been habitually a smoker of strong tobacco, was for a time exposed to conditions of unusual hardship. They have also been observed in smokers who were engaged in the more speculative forms of commerce, and were threatened by some unexpected combination of adverse circumstances—a combination which not unfrequently had largely increased their customary consumption of tobacco. The true character of such cases may be established by the improvement or recovery of sight which follows the complete abandonment of tobacco, and by the uselessness of any treatment in which this abandonment is not included. It is not very uncommon, moreover, to find that tobacco poisoning is complicated by alcoholism, and the resulting wrecks of humanity are very piteous to see. I remember one wretch of this kind, a young man of four-or five-and-twenty, who was the uncontrolled master of more money than he had either the education or the capacity to use wisely, and who came to me with the early symptoms of tobacco blindness in a well-marked form, as well as with abundant evidence of habitual excess in other directions. I told him there was no use in beating about the bush with him, that if he would abandon tobacco and alcohol and live decently he would preserve his sight and perhaps prolong his life, but that if he continued his actual practices he would be blind in three months and probably dead in six. He must take his choice between the alternatives. At the door of my consulting-room he turned as he went out, in order to discharge a Parthian shot at me. "You've a'most broke my 'art," he said.

Regarding the question on *a priori* grounds, there seems much reason to



believe that tobacco, which is known frequently to produce chronic inflammation and ultimate degeneration of the optic nerves, may exert a similar influence on other portions of the nervous system, and may lead to nerve degenerations of other kinds, possibly to some the causes of which are still unrecognized. How obscure these causes may be, and how difficult of identification in the complicated conditions of life, was well shown by the recent discovery that certain extensive local prevalences of neuritis (inflammation of nerves) which had very generally been attributed to alcohol, were really due to poisoning by arsenic contained in beer. Until that discovery was made, alcoholic poisoning had been regarded as the principal or even as the sole cause of neuritis in the intemperate, and all probability was in favor of the correctness of the opinion. It has since been maintained by some that this opinion must be altogether abandoned, that alcohol must be acquitted, and that only arsenic has been to blame. It will, I believe, be found that neuritis may be produced either by alcohol or by arsenic, and with still greater facility when the two are taken in combination. On the subject of any corresponding influence which may be exerted by tobacco, or of any part which it may take in producing forms of neuritis in nerves other than those of the eyes, I am not aware of the existence of any evidence sufficient to justify a conclusion. At the same time, it seems to me to be impossible altogether to ignore the possibility, and, in any case of obscure neuritis occurring in an inveterate smoker, I should not hesitate to urge the complete abandonment of tobacco.

I have met, of course, with many instances of heavy smokers in whom no sign of either intellectual or physical decadence, was manifest on the surfaces of their lives, and I know that

many imaginative literary men and artists have at least believed that they found aid or inspiration in tobacco. It may be so. My own explanation of the facts, as far as they are known to me, would be that such persons had smoked themselves into a state in which their brains were unable to respond to the calls of duty or of vocation until they had received a fillip, analogous in its temporary action to the dose taken by the victim of the morphia habit. I believe in the absolute superiority of the undrugged nervous system to the drugged one, and am convinced in my own mind that the tobacco must often have lowered, and can never have raised, the quality of the totality of the work that was done under its influence. I think every one who has known London well for the last five-and-twenty years would be able to cite more than a few examples of heavy smokers whose careers of promise had closed more or less under a cloud of intellectual failure or of social discredit, such as would naturally have been attendant upon the victims of narcotics of other kinds. There is extant a letter from the first Napoleon, written from Egypt to the French commandant at Malta, and congratulating him upon the security of the island against any attack by the English. The vessel carrying the letter was captured by an English cruiser, and underneath the delicate signature of Napoleon there now stands a bold scrawl of "Mark the end. Nelson and Bronte." When I see good work of any kind, produced by a man who is dependent upon tobacco, I am apt to remember Lord Nelson's injunction.

A London physician of large experience once told me of his conviction that many professional men lose all the benefit which they might derive from an annual holiday by reason of the single circumstance that they smoke to excess during its continuance. A man who is

fully engaged with patients, or clients, or in the courts, is unable to smoke, except for a few minutes, until business hours are over; but when he is in Scotland or in the Alps he is apt to smoke all day long. He comes back with a narcotized nervous system, a "smoker's throat," and a long list of discomforts for which he is unable to account. He says that he has slept in damp beds, or that the food in the hotels has disagreed with him.

There is at least one aspect of the consumption of tobacco as to which the hitherto prevailing optimism of this country has of late been somewhat disturbed; and that aspect has regard to smoking by children. Many of the writers who have lately striven to direct attention to the alleged physical deterioration of large classes of our people have laid much stress upon juvenile smoking as an important element in the production of some of the evils which they describe and deplore; and it is certainly true that the immature and comparatively unstable nervous system of the young is more liable to be injured by narcotics than that of the adult. It is hardly possible, in this connection, to leave entirely out of account that the deterioration is not in growth or muscular development alone, but that it extends to those organs of the intellectual faculties by which the effects of drugs are first displayed. The steady and progressive increase of insanity among us is the most important fact of the present day in relation to public health, and is such as to render the prevalence of cancer or of tubercle absolutely trivial by comparison. It is a matter of routine to attribute a large portion of this increase to drink, but may there not be something to say also about tobacco?

In the United States there seems now to be a very general consensus of opinion that at least the most facile form of tobacco smoking, the smoking of

cigarettes, is a dangerous practice even for adults, and that it is still more dangerous for children. Several of the great railway companies of America have absolutely prohibited cigarette smoking by signalmen and others who occupy positions in which any error or neglect in the discharge of duty might lead to serious consequences; and in some States the sale of tobacco to children is a punishable offence. Since these words were written it has been asserted in a London paper that a law has been passed in the State of Indiana, and came into operation on April 15, by which not only is the manufacture or sale of cigarettes totally prohibited within the State, but by which persons having them in their possession are rendered liable to fine and imprisonment. It was further said that cigarette smokers were about to appeal to the Supreme Court on the question of the constitutional validity of the enactment; but, however this may be, it cannot be supposed that laws and regulations of such a kind could have been made, or could be enforced, in a democratically governed community unless the need for them had been established by a considerable body of evidence. They seem to me to show that the very best that can be said for tobacco smoking is that many people like it, and that in some instances it may perhaps do no harm. Even so, its financial aspects ought not to be left out of account. On the part of the working classes of this country it represents the waste of millions of money annually, for the purchase of an indulgence which is absolutely selfish, because it is one in which, as a rule, wives and children have no share, and which, because it is selfish, cannot fail to be degrading. The craving for it is, I believe, purely artificial, for, if it were not, it would be as prevalent among girls and women as among boys and men. Boys want

to begin smoking because they see their elders do it, and they think it is "manly," and so they bear the initial discomforts with fortitude, and drug themselves until tolerance and a habit are established. A somewhat similar educational process seems now to be in progress among women of the more leisured classes. The smoking-room has become an institution in clubs for ladies, and girls will soon be eager to follow the example set by their mothers

The Cornhill Magazine.

and their elder sisters. In favor of such a result, something might possibly be said. I have always felt that the "soothing" effect described by smokers is better adapted to the real needs of the softer than to those of the sterner sex, and that there is something which, if not quite feminine, may at least be described as "womanish" in the practice of seeking refuge in a narcotic from the pinpricks of daily life.

R. Brudenell Carter.

---

"WHITE VILETS."

Dorcas clambered to the top of the patch of rising ground on her left, and peered into the valley below. Above the sound of the boisterous April wind her quick ears had heard the tramp, tramp of footsteps, and she had no desire to meet any one unexpectedly. The path wound round and round and in and out amongst the huge gray rocks and stunted bushes of Echo Valley, and it was some seconds before her eyes descried the figure of the man ascending the hillside. Then she ran on to lower ground and looked anxiously around for a sheltered spot. "Albert mustn't see—" She did not finish her sentence in words, but, as if the action was sufficient ending to her thought, stepped off the pathway into the shelter of an overhanging bank and dropped the white violets she carried into the pocket of her coat. Her swinging stride had carried her out of sight of the place before she spoke. "They do smell frësh!" said Dorcas. She planted her feet upon the loamy soil with ponderous precision, swinging her left arm awkwardly because it lacked its usual resting-place. The day was stormy, great white clouds chased each other across the gray sky, and the wind whistled eerily through the narrow passes of the hillside.

"It be a cold April!" said Dorcas, her eyes upon the bowed figure of the man struggling upward in the face of the gale,—*"a cold April!"* she called lustily.

"Aw?" said Albert. His eyes met hers dreamily, unseeing almost, and he did not slacken his pace as he approached her.

"'Tis a cold April!"

"Zo it be."

"It be zo."

"Be'st thee goin' whoam, Albert?"

"Yes."

"Jennie 'ull bring thee t' dinner, it be all reädy; I be goin' over t' Corner Point."

"Aw?" Albert nodded curtly, and passed on without question.

Dorcas breathed a sigh of relief and stole one finger into her pocket, touching the cool softness of the hidden flowers gently. They were treasure-trove. Early that morning, so early that the birds had not uttered their first sleepy call, Dorcas had stolen from the house and out into the dark country. A mile or two away from the farm the yellow light from the old lantern she carried shone on a whole colony of white violets, their petals still tightly furled in sleep, their perfume confined, secret. Dorcas gathered them in haste, pulling up roots and earth

and brown scraps of stick and moss in her anxiety to be gone; then she flew back to the house in the first hint of dawn, and roused the echoes and a sleepy servant-maid together.

"Jennie! Jen—nie! tumble out now; 'tis vive o'clock!"

The Dorcas who had picked violets in secret and the woman who held the reins of government at Junction Farm seemed to be two separate creatures. Jennie Hearn, at least, would not have recognized the two as compatible. With a certain dog-like fidelity which was the outcome of long companionship in housework, she allowed no one else to speak disparagingly of Dorcas Medway, but she often remarked to the farm hands upon the state of her mistress's temper.

"Zometimes her be zo quiet as a n'ordinary 'ooman, and zometimes her be like a ragin' lion; but there, her cān't help ut, I do aggravate her, zame's her do aggravate me, s'pose!"

This morning Jennie had aggravated Dorcas especially. Nothing in the house went exactly right: the grate in the sitting-room was not polished to that degree of shininess consistent with Dorcas's knowledge of what was right, and one of the pans in the dairy smelt suspiciously "tinny." Dorcas tramped about the house frowning, her huge person enveloped in a blue check apron and her hair screwed away under a sun-bonnet of lilac calico. Since she was busy, Dorcas did not trouble to divest herself of these garments when Albert came in for breakfast; but he did not notice it. Dorcas was part of the furniture—necessary, but not ornamental—in his bachelor household. She had kept house for him for the past ten years; for all he realized to the contrary, she would keep house for him for the next twenty. Change, alteration, difference, were abhorrent to him; such things were not to be mentioned. Since he was a baby he had

heard the remark, "Chänge do come zoon enough," and now that he was a man, he often repeated the words meditatively to himself as an aphorism of undoubted merit. It was perfectly natural that his second cousin Dorcas, left an orphan at an early age, should continue to make her home with him after the death of his parents. No stranger would know how the house always had been managed. In family conclave the Medway relatives had decided with Albert that "Da'kis" was the only housekeeper possible for Junction Farm. From their point of view she had every qualification—thrift, energy, and a total absence of prettiness. "Her be taller 'an Albert by half a head!" Aunt Bateson had remarked parenthetically. Who had ever heard of a Medway marrying a woman bigger than himself?

The difference in height was clearly apparent as they sat at breakfast. Albert's thin chest and sloping shoulders showed in unfriendly contrast to the massive proportions of his cousin Dorcas. The meal proceeded in silence. Dorcas filled Albert's cup, and ate bacon and fried potato mechanically. When the man pushed back his chair, the noise of its grating upon the stone floor made her start. "S'pose I were dreamin'," she muttered apologetically.

But Albert had not heard; he was struggling into the smock he always wore about "t' pläice." As he buttoned the wristbands he spoke to his cousin for the first time.

"'Tis t' weddin'-day!" said he.

"Yes," said Dorcas.

She clattered cups and saucers together briskly and took up the tray. Albert's question was shouted after her. In the dingy passageway she paused to answer.

"What time is t' ceremony?" said Albert.

"Two o'clock!" Dorcas shouted back. When she returned to the sitting-room

with the crumb-brush and tray, Albert was still standing in the centre of the hearth-rug buttoning and unbuttoning his sleeve.

"Bean't that late fur a weddin'?" he asked.

"I doan't know nothin' about ut!" Dorcas said shortly. Then she coughed and added, "But I expect Mattie knows: her folk do live in town, doan't 'ee zee. Fronford be mighty smart to times!"

"None zo smart 's that!" said Albert finally. He was irritated at having to leave the farm in the afternoon. There were two hands short for the milking, and he felt sure that duty would not be done to time without his oversight.

"I'll put thy clothes out," Dorcas remarked; "and thee won't forget t' wear thy best tie?" Yet in spite of this reminder Dorcas felt it wise to caution Jennie against letting the master go out in a yellow tie, the blue one being his best.

"Bean't 'ee goin', then?" Jennie asked, and snorted unsympathetically when she heard that her mistress was due at Corner Point earlier than the other guests, on purpose to help.

Memory of all this did not trouble Dorcas, however; she continued her way along the sheep-track, busy with her thoughts. Corner Point was three miles from Junction Farm, but it did not strike her to be offended that Albert had not offered her the trap. She swung the brown-paper parcel in which her own finery was wrapped, and tramped on steadily. It was eleven o'clock, and she searched the sky anxiously for a hint of sunlight, her mind full of the country proverb, "Happy the bride on whom the sun shines."

"I do *want* her to be happy," she said aloud. The wind caught up her words and whirled them away until the whole narrow gorge seemed to be filled with echoing whisperings of "happy,"

"happy." Dorcas looked round fearfully. What if any one heard? Happiness, love, tenderness—these words were not spoken by self-respecting Somersetshire maidens. Dorcas felt that she had committed a crime, a sin against maidenly delicacy. In explanation of it she repeated her wish again in different words. "I do hope Mattie 'll be *comfortable*," said she. Could any Mrs. Grundy find fault with that? "Comfort," "comfort," sang the fairy of Echo Valley, and Dorcas hugged the knowledge that her meaning had been the same within her inmost heart.

Ever since Mattie Thatcher had taken the place of mistress at the neighboring farm of Corner Point, a new interest had entered Dorcas's life. She had never possessed a friend before, and the similarity of her position with Mattie's own was reason sufficient to her unsophisticated mind why they should be more than mere acquaintances. Mattie kept house for her uncle, Farmer Thomas Thatcher, and although she sometimes went home to her people at Fronford, still it was too far off to count very much,—in which case, as the nearest neighbor of the same social standing and a remote connection by marriage, she herself must be of some importance. She did not see that pity had prompted the first overtures on Mattie's side, but she appreciated them to the full, and developed so rapidly under the sunny influence of affection that warm-hearted, practical, ordinary Mattie Thatcher was sometimes a little bewildered. Yet not even to herself did Dorcas allow with what breathless interest she had watched the progress of Mattie's courtship.

Was Mr. Johnson from Fronford or young Farmer Capel from Jordan-in-the-Valley most worthy of her friend? For a time Mr. Johnson's smart appearance and ready address carried the day: he was an auctioneer, and the occupa-



tion bore the charm of gentility. Then the balance turned slowly in favor of Joseph Capel. Dorcas's observation had revealed the fact that he was "solider,"— word needing interpretation even to Mattie, but by which Dorcas meant the fixed principles and steadfast aims which added to the kindly gleam in Joseph's blue eyes. Moreover, in marrying Joseph, Mattie would kill two birds with one stone: she could keep house for her husband and for Uncle Thomas. Joseph's farm could be worked as well from Corner Point as from the tumble-down house in Jordan village, and Dorcas's practical mind could not bear the thought of Mattie living in a house so "ill-convenienced." Finally it had been arranged this way, and in three hours' time Mattie Thatcher would be Mrs. Joseph Capel. Dorcas hastened her steps at the thought.

As she neared the farm an antiquated vehicle, lined with pale-colored silk and drawn by two white horses, turned in at the back gate, and shouts from the laboring men hanging about attired in their best clothes, mingled with the agitated clucking of the disturbed fowls. Dorcas took to her heels and ran the few yards remaining, arriving panting and breathless in Mattie's bedroom.

"Dearie!" she said. At sight of the pale little bride her hoydenish ways dropped from her. She kissed Mattie tenderly. "You be tired out," said she. Then she turned almost gracefully to the assembled women, greeting Mattie's mother with just the right suggestion of sympathy in her manner, and the sisters and cousins with a roguish smile as of one who questions "which will be the next?"

The conversation interrupted by her entrance broke out with renewed energy, gay sallies from one or another provoking much laughter.

"Sure, Mattie," said Christine co-

quettishly, standing before the glass and holding the long tulle veil over her head, "I could almost get married wi' Joseph myself to have the pleasure of wearing a pretty thing like this." She dropped her hands and allowed the filmy material to float slowly downward until it almost settled on her curly head, catching it with a little shriek of concern before it fell. "'Twould have been awfully unlucky if it had fallen round me," she said, throwing the veil back on to the bed; "I don't suppose I should ever have worn a veil myself."

"You c'ud be married in a bunnet!" suggested Dorcas soberly.

The girls tittered, how like Da'kis! Huge, mannish-looking women like that never had any idea of what was *proper*. "I s'pose you'd be married in a bonnet yourself, Da'kis?"

"I shan't never *be* married!" said Dorcas shortly, "and I thought—" She turned to Mrs. Thatcher deprecatingly: "Old lace is reäl fash'nable?" she questioned as she bit through the string with which her parcel was tied. "So I thought I'd bring this along and zee if Mattie 'ud care to wear 'ut. 'Twon't be a waste o' gossamer, do 'ee zee," looking at the tulle upon the counterpane, "because that'll come in fur a many things—p'rhaps," smiling. "Christine 'ull wear 'ut zometimes; but if Mattie '*ould* wear this—my mother had it fur her weddin', and *her* mother afore her!" From the inside of the cherry-colored silk blouse, which she had brought to wear at the wedding herself, she took a little yellowish roll, and throwing out her arm, covered the skirt of the wedding gown with a filmy shroud of ivory-tinted lace.

"Will thee wear 'ut, my dear?" she said.

Mattie threw her arms round Dorcas's neck. "You're too good to lend it to me," she cried, her face flushed and radiant.

"Dear me, no!" said Dorcas. She felt mistress of the situation after this, and cleared the room of all save Mattie and her mother with a strategic energy, Mrs. Thatcher could not sufficiently admire. When she returned twenty minutes later with a tray holding coffee, sandwiches, and cake for two, the old lady's admiration expressed itself in words. "What a manager she *be*, my child!" said she as the door closed upon Dorcas's retreating form; "her do put me in mind o' thee, Mattie. This be real daintyish!" and the proud mother wiped her tear-stained eyes, and, beaming at her daughter, started upon a sandwich with hearty appetite.

It was not until all the rest had driven off to church and Dorcas was left in the kitchen with the servant, Pollie Saggs, to superintend the final arrangements for the "reception tea," that she had a talk with Mattie. With a delicacy which was not understood by her friend, she had resisted the temptation to go to her, thinking that a few moments alone would be grateful, and a sudden rush of gratitude filled her when Mattie ran down the stairs and took her hand.

The soft silk of her wedding-gown, the filmy lace of the old veil, the white shoes and gloves, made Mattie a vision of delight to Dorcas, and suddenly she remembered the white violets.

"Mattie," she said, "you'll wear 'em?" She brought her hand out of her coat pocket filled with little flowers and leaves. "They'm zo sweet and—and modest," she explained.

"They're lovely," said Mattie; "but—but they aren't *bridal* flowers, Da'kis." She hesitated, looking from the face of the woman before her to the spray of artificial orange-blossoms arranged on the bodice of her gown. "I have some flowers already; do you think it would be proper to mix them?"

"No." The answer was sharp and decisive, but Dorcas's face was very

tender. "You'm enough of a flower yourself, Mattie; you doan't want no more. Oh! I do *hope*," she said,—"I do hope as you'll be zo comfortable, zo *happy*." Her voice rang out proudly on the last word, and she turned round as the sound of wheels scraping on the gravel reached her ears. "Run in, Mattie," she said, peeping through the hall door. "Thy father 'll be reädy fur thee d'rectly t' carriage have coome to fetch 'ee; and Albert be outzide zo well, he'll be late to thy weddin', sure enough."

She ran down the steps and out to the trap in which Albert sat waiting stolidly. "Mun' I drive Bess down t' hill; cän't I go i' *that*?" he asked, nodding his head backwards at the wedding chariot.

"Oh, Albert, 'tis t' weddin' carriage!"

"Well?"

"The bride be goin' in 'ut, Albert."

Dorcas was trying to keep the remonstrance from her voice.

"I c'ud sit on t' box wi' t' driver; her 'oodn't know." Albert's tone was apologetic, for to-day his cousin Mattie was invested with a mysterious dignity which made him feel uncomfortable.

Dorcas did not hear; she was looking at him disapprovingly. "You've a got your wrong tie, after all," she said; "and where's your flower?" She was the woman responsible—to her simple mind some woman always must be responsible—for the appearance of this man, and after all her pains he looked anything but "smart." A lump rose in her throat, she swallowed hastily. "I've a buttonhole 'ee can have." She flew into the house and returned with some of the violets, tying them together deftly as she ran.

"Let me put them in fur 'ee; they'm not *proper* fur a weddin', but they'll have to do."

Albert said nothing as she stood upon the step of the trap and pinned the

tiny nosegay in his coat, but as she stepped down he sniffed gravely.

"You'll have to run to be at church in time," she said; "but 'tis downhill, and s'pose you *can* manage. Doan't 'ee overhear thyself, though. I'll see to the mare. Now thee'd best be off."

And without repeating his suggestion of riding upon the box of the wedding carriage, Albert ran.

"Albert, will you drive Aunt Thatcher whoam?"

"I've on'y room fur two in t' trap!"

"I can wälk."

The wedding was over, Mattie had started on the journey with her husband, and Christine was duly installed as mistress of Corner Point Farm until her return. There seemed no need for Dorcas to remain. She explained to Mattie's mother that Albert would see her safely back to Fronford, and watched them start off together.

Mrs. Richard Thatcher, called "Auntie Thatcher" by her nephew, drew her cloak snugly around her, wrapped her shawl about her mouth, and spoke through the gathered folds, smiling up at her nephew.

"It have been a proper weddin'."

"It *have*!" Albert acquiesced heartily, not because his experience in the matter of weddings was great, but because he always found that emphatic speech was best when conversing with his aunts—it saved so much questioning.

A suspicious moisture appeared in Mrs. Thatcher's eyes: she blinked somewhat obtrusively. Then as Albert took no notice, but stared ahead with masculine callousness, she brought out her handkerchief and sniffed.

"At first I c'uldn't abide to think o' Mattie not bein' married from her own whoam; but poor Thomas was that set on t' weddin' bein' at Corner Point, and what wi' our house bein' small and Richard zo set against a fuss in it, wi' all t' common folk o' Fronford starin'

and passin' remarks, and Richard and Thomas bein' own br'ethers and all,—zo as Thomas be a'most as much a father to Mattie as Richard do be,—why, I thought 'twere better t' have 'ut quiet and genteel up to here."

"Sure enough, zo 'twere." Albert flicked the whip idly across the back of the mare, and his aunt examined his profile critically.

"Hain't you never thought o' gettin' married?" she asked.

"No, Auntie Thatcher," Albert guffawed loudly; "who c'ud I marry?" he said. "I doan't know no maids."

"Thee might go farther from whoam and fare worse!"

"What do 'ee meän, Auntie?"

"Why, hasn't thee never thought o' Da'kis?" The bomb was thrown; Aunt Thatcher sat back to view the wreckage.

"Da'kis!" said Albert.

There was silence for a time. In her excitement Mrs. Thatcher wiped her eyes with the embroidered silk handkerchief she had worn all day as an ornament, and discovering her mistake, stuffed it hastily into her reticule as a thing of small account in the present excitement. But she knew better than to allow her absorption to appear.

"Her be rare and common-sensical," she said practically.

"Aw!" said Albert hesitatingly. He knew nothing about it, but he felt instinctively that a man does not choose his wife merely for her common-sense.

Wily Aunt Thatcher knew this too. "Her bean't what every one 'ould call handsome, but her do be good-lookin', doan't 'ee think zo, now?"

"I'd never thought o't," said Albert, with interest; "when I do get whoam to-night, I'll have a look to her!"

As for Dorcas herself, an unwonted sense of melancholy possessed her as she left the scene of the wedding festivities: perhaps it was because no one

came out to bid her good-bye. Alone she opened the wicket gate, and turned to look back at the house. Her eyes fell upon the old garden. Such a change it was from the bare hillside. Old yew-trees guarded the front door, and stood like sentinels on either side of the pathway of white pebbles; daffodils, early wallflowers, and snow-on-the-mountain ran riot in the borders, primroses and daisies grew side by side upon the grass. A great shrub of Whitsuntide bosses, weighted almost to the ground by heavy white blossom, nodded gaily from the distance. The peaceful beauty of the old place sank into Dorcas's mind. She started at a brisk pace down the road.

The shower which had caused such consternation to the feminine members of the wedding-party by falling just as Mattie left Corner Point Farm, had left twinkling dewdrops on every blade of grass. The hart's-tongue ferns, uncurling shyly amongst the huge clumps of bracken, shone delicately green. The sun gleamed tenderly on the scrubby sloe bushes with their budding leaves and the red earth where it lay bare and uncovered amongst the fern-roots. Dorcas saw it all with a queer, rapturous pain. These sights were familiar; every springtime of her life she had spent amongst the Mendip Hills, but never before had she seen the full beauty of this homeland. She walked as if on air, her eyes upon the pale tints of the sky, breathing in the fresh, earthy fragrance of the breeze with the simple gladness of a child. It was a surprise to her when she reached the village and began the ascent to Junction Farm through Echo Valley. Here it was darker, and the great blocks of moss-covered stone, the overhanging trees, and luxuriant vegetation added to the eeriness of the place. The inherent superstition of the West country was roused in Dorcas's mind. What stories of dark deeds herein mys-

teriously committed had she not heard? Sensitive as a photographic plate to every impression, her mind recoiled from these things with a rebound almost physical in effect. Dully and quietly, only conscious of being very tired, Dorcas continued her way.

It was half-past seven when she reached home, and the light was almost gone. Dorcas changed her blouse and went down to the kitchen, taking out the ironing-board and commencing operations with vigor.

The reaction had set in after the unusual emotion of the day: everything was stale and uninteresting. She rubbed the flat-iron on the soap viciously, wiping it on the duster with precision, and beginning to iron muslin curtains with none of the pleasure she usually felt in the operation. When Albert came home the clothes-horse in front of the fire was covered with fine things—d'oyleys, curtains, and dainty linen alring.

Dorcas heard the trap stop in the yard, and her cousin's voice shouting directions to his man; then a fresh draught of air heralded the opening of the back door, and Albert stalked into the kitchen. His mien was surly, but he said nothing, only strode up and down with his hands in his pockets, looking in irritated disdain at the pile of clothes upon the table. It is always annoying to a man who has made up his mind to a particular course of action to find that people and circumstances combine to prevent the consummation of such action. Albert felt this strongly on the present occasion. He had driven back from Fronford, after seeing Aunt Thatcher to her own domicile, with her advice ringing in his ears, and by the time he was halfway to Junction Farm he had made up his mind to do as she suggested. With the occasional impetuosity of a slow nature, he had come into the house prepared to ask Dorcas to marry

him. It was disconcerting to find Dorcas prosaically ironing curtains as if there was no such thing anywhere as marrying and giving in marriage.

The memory of her face as she moved in and out amongst the guests at Mattie's wedding moved him strangely. Why couldn't Dorcas always look like that? There had been something in her eyes, a stillness, an intensity, which had made her stand out from all the other women. Albert remembered that he had felt proud in looking at her. If she had remained so, he told himself fretfully, he would have had no difficulty in saying his say; now the longer he left it the more difficult it seemed. In a last despairing effort he cast his eyes round the pleasant old kitchen: they alighted upon the clothes-horse. Here at least was a refuge. Albert moved one arm of the screen carefully and stepped into the enclosure, warming his back at the roaring fire.

"Thee've ironed t' clothes fine and vitty," he remarked.

"No better 'an ordinary!" Dorcas answered shortly.

Albert's first attempt at compliment having failed, he rushed on impetuously.

"Da'kis, they've a been sayin' as I oughter get married!"

The announcement fell with the sudden sharpness of a hailstorm in spring, and Dorcas looked up blankly. Then she passed her iron along the edge of the frill before her and answered evenly, "Have 'em?"

"Yes." Silence once more, while Albert mopped his brow and surreptitiously watched Dorcas through the thin folds of muslin upon the horse, and Dorcas thought drearily that she would be ousted from the place which was home to her.

"They's been sayin', Da'kis, as I'd oughter marry *you*! What do 'ee zay to 'ut?"

Dorcas lifted her head proudly and

looked straight over the clothes-horse into Albert's eyes. "I dunno, Albert," she said firmly; "I'll—I'll think on't."

For the first time in her life Dorcas could not sleep. She tossed and turned this way and that through the long hours, all to no purpose. Worn out at last, she lay still, gazing at the sky through the blindless window, and thinking, thinking.

What should she say to Albert—in what way could she give him his answer? There was no question in her mind as to what that answer should be. In looking back, it seemed to her that she had always—*liked*—Albert. It was strange and incomprehensible to her that he should ask her to be his wife. She realized the nature of the man too well to imagine that he had proposed to her simply upon the suggestion of his aunt: he was too steadfast and deliberate for that. She smiled to herself in the darkness. She almost pitied Mattie, the bride of a day, because she had not married Albert, and turned to thoughts of Mattie's wedding. Her own would be nothing like that, of course: should it be smarter still, or—as quiet as *quiet*? She lay still, vibrant with tender emotions, and presently dropped off to sleep, a smile around her mouth. She bustled about in her usual energetic way in the morning, however, and no one—least of all Albert—guessed at her hours of wakefulness.

They were sitting at breakfast when Jennie put her head in at the door.

"'Tis Shepherd to zee 'ee, Mäister."

"Tell 'un t' come into th' passage," Albert called, and carried on an animated conversation with the man between disposing of overloaded forksful of food.

"Well, marnin', sir," Shepherd said at last.

"Marnin'," said Albert.

He dropped his eyes again to his



plate, and after a hesitating glance at him Dorcas pushed back her chair and went out.

"Shepherd!" she called from the doorway. But the old man had gone on to the kitchen. Dorcas followed him swiftly, intent upon catching him up before reaching Jennie's dominions. "How be 'ee, Shepherd?" she called again.

"Fair and middlin', Miss, thank 'ee." The big man, intent upon his work, avoided her eye and spoke with the indifference and lack of ceremony of an old and valued servant. Then he took a step away from her. Dorcas fidgeted with her apron.

"Shepherd," she said, almost shyly in spite of her practical tone, "have 'ee any lone lambs? I brought up two as had lost their mothers last year, do 'ee remember, and if thee have any t' year I'd mortal like to do 'ut again."

The man wheeled round and stood opposite to her, the absorbed expression fading from his weathen-beaten face, his whole attitude altering and softening indescribably.

"There bean't none t' year, Miss Da'kis; I do a'most wish as there had a been. They two lorn 'uns thee brought up afore made fine and good sheeps, 'zure enough; thee've a reäl way wi' 'ee fur bringin' up young things. 'Tis but nat'ral; thee'll be marryin' and havin' bairns of thy own, sometime. Weddin's be in t' air, Miss Da'kis; marryin's beget marryin's. Y'sterday 'twas Miss Mattie; to-morra' it'll be thyself, likely." The old man dropped his voice and glanced at her with native curiosity. Dorcas's color rose. "Well, well," he said with a chuckle of delight, "I won't tease 'ee, missy; noa, noa, trust Shepherd fur that. But zee thee here, I found zome flowers in t' wood and brought 'em along, mindin' as thee likes 'em. Thee'll have 'em fur luck, won't 'ee now?" And from the red handker-

chief he carried in his hand he pulled a tight, tortured bunch of white violets, thrust them into Dorcas's unwilling hands, and shuffled rapidly through the open doorway into the backyard, repeating the phrase "fur luck" to himself unctuously, the while his eyes twinkled with amusement.

"You've had a rare talk wi' Shepherd."

"'Twas 'bout t' lambs," said Dorcas. Her face was flushed. She drank her coffee at a gulp, and poured herself out some more.

"Aw!"

Albert spoke complacently. He had the old feeling of his forebears strongly developed: it was the right and proper thing for the mistress of Junction Farm to take an interest in "the cottagers." The words of the Preacher rang in his slow brain all the morning, "She look-eth well to the ways of her household." Dorcas being of the stock of the Medways, that was only natural, and with added pride Albert remembered that Dorcas's butter had a name even in Fronford Market; while Auntie Thatcher said that her hand-sewin was finer and more regular than any done by machine. He rode off to the distant pasturage of Long Acre on the farther side of Junction Mountain, and presently he spied Dorcas hastening down the valley.

"Her be a good 'un," he said, noting with his trained sight the bundle under her arm; "now I do s'pose as her be takin' zome poor body summ'at tasty,—her be a good 'un, her be!"

He transacted his business at Long Acre, and returned along the hilltop, urging Queen Bess to a careful descent into the valley. The mare was used to the pathway, and clung like a cat to the hillside, stepping firmly and daintily. The two made very little noise as they trod the grass-covered pathway leading to the farm, and as they neared the house the sound of Dorcas's voice carried through the open window

straight and true to the ear of her lover.

"Thee can put t' white v'lets in a glass and carry 'em into t' sitting-room, Jennie. Shepherd gived 'em to me this mornin'; I be powerful fond on 'em!"

"White v'lets!" Albert repeated the words to himself, a half-smile hovering round his mouth. White v'lets were as common as common—he often saw them. If Da'kis liked them, she should have as many as she wanted; he would bring her some himself!

He hugged to himself for a week the idea that there were plenty to be found at any time, before he set out to hunt for them. But somehow he did not find it so easy to gather white violets as he had imagined it would be. "Dog" violets, primroses, frail anemones there were in plenty, but woods and hedgerows seemed bereft of their shy, pale sisters. Albert went home at twilight with a meagre half-dozen.

As he had expected, Dorcas was ironing in the kitchen. Albert threw himself down unceremoniously in a chair and heaved a mighty sigh. Dorcas looked up, and her eyes fell upon the violets. "Oh!" she exclaimed involuntarily, "v'lets?"

"I c'udn't find no more," said Albert shamefacedly, shoving them across the table to her; and there was a pause. Dorcas's heart was beating uncomfortably at the knowledge that Albert had brought these flowers for her, and Albert was exultant at the success of his first overtures in the character of sweetheart. He got up and stretched himself, and presently muttering something about feeling cold, he disappeared from view behind the loaded clothes-horse.

Dorcas watched him with rising irritation. Albert was not an ideal lover. Much as she thought of him, she was not blind to his faults, and the rustic boorishness which was apparent in the

hole-and-corner manner of wooing he adopted offended her sense of what was fitting. Her eyes glinted with anger as she listened to his ponderous phrases.

"Da'kis, have 'ee thought 'bout what I axed 'ee llist week,—'bout marryin' w' me, I do meän?"

Dorcas continued her ironing. Albert waited in vain for a reply.

"Have 'ee considered 'ut, Da'kis?" he added feebly, his uneasiness vibrating through his speech.

Dorcas banged her iron down upon the stand with a force which made her cousin jump ere she turned her back upon the clothes-horse and answered him.

"Yes, I've considered 'ut," she said scornfully, "and I be *still* considerin' of 'ut; will that satisfy 'ee?" And with the carriage of a disdainful princess she passed out of the door.

Weary and disappointed, Albert followed her to the sitting-room. The white cloth was spread upon the table ready for the early supper, but nothing else was on it. Dorcas went to and from the pantry with knives, forks, and glasses, chattering now to Jennie and again to Albert, as her swift feet brought her to the vicinity of either. "You women ha' such tongues!" Albert growled. Yet he felt aggrieved when she finished her task and went out to "dish up" the toasted cheese and onions. He was so used to this constant chatter,—the reiteration of small remarks, the query as to outdoor events, the oft-expressed wonder about the small items of news which filtered up from the village through the ready medium of "t' hands,"—that in the face of the deep passions newly vibrant within him the silence felt unbearable. He thrust his hands deep into his trousers-pockets and stalked out into the garden, standing at the gate and looking down into the valley with unseeing eyes. Silence out of doors had

none of the unaccustomedness of silence within the house. In the distance he heard the champ, champ of Queen Bess in her stable, and the cawing of the rooks in the elm-trees near at hand. The homely familiarity of it all sank into his mind, calming and soothing him. This was all his,—the house, the cheerful bustle, the peaceful stir, the fields on which he looked—these were his own possessions. Pride seized him for an instant,—had he not the right to take and hold whatsoever he desired? Inarticulately, but none the less surely, the old conservative spirit of his forebears dictated such questioning. Then came the thought of Dorcas and her womanly independence, and he felt baffled. A quiet melancholy descended upon him. The one creature who opposed him he could not do without. With unusual helplessness of masculine nature when dealing with the feminine, Albert was utterly nonplussed. He went in to supper with the saddest heart he had ever had, and behaved like a bear in consequence.

Dorcas, wiping the dishes in the scullery while Jennie washed, heard him shouting at the men in the yard, and turned away with a hard face. "He bean't worth thinkin' of," she said. Her own awakening during the past year of intimacy with Mattie to the deeper issues of life—the primal emotions, the pathos and the tragedy underlying most of our lives—had been so gradual, that in looking back it seemed to her that she must always have felt so. Confronted with the crude, dogmatic, narrow-minded Dorcas of earlier years, she would have been pained and startled. As no kind fairy was at hand to bring back the ghost of herself, however, Dorcas continued to think scornfully of Albert, magnifying his faults to the exclusion of his virtues for three long days, until a sudden overwhelming flood of tenderness ousted her critical spirit, and she

longed eagerly for ironing day to come once more. She knew well that to Albert's mind no other time would do to speak on this subject, since he had established a precedent. When Tuesday evening came she waited in sickening anxiety and excitement for him to come in, ironing with feverish energy until the clothes-horse tottered beneath the weight of articles upon it; and still Albert did not come.

Was he staying out on purpose? she asked; did he mean her to understand that he was tired of waiting?

Albert was riding home after his first visit to Corner Point Farm since the wedding-day, and as he rode the memory of a pretty picture stayed with him,—Mattie and her husband laughing together over a superfluous and belated wedding-present, while old Uncle Thomas Thatcher sat on the corner of the settle looking on contentedly and the firelight cast a warm glow over the whole room; the primroses upon the table, the bit of dainty stitchery thrown carelessly on to a chair, Joseph's dirty boots thrust down beside the fire in a homely disregard of appearance.

How nice Mattie had looked, how easy she was to talk with! He had spoken with her as simply and sincerely as he could have spoken to another man. It was the first time since the memorable talk with Dorcas a week ago that he had held a conversation on anything but agricultural topics, and he felt cheered and encouraged. In his pocket there reposed the little parcel Mattie had put into his hand as he was leaving. "Will you give that to Da'kis for me, Albert, and thank her ever so much for lending it to me? Why don't you get her to wear it herself—for *you*?" she had added mischievously.

"I wonder what 'ut be?" he cogitated slowly. Presently he took it out and turned it over in his hand, then

with a sudden access of curiosity he undid the pin which held the paper together and peered inside. What was it,—a handkerchief? The paper dropped off, and as he made a spring to catch it, the stuff he held in his hand unrolled and fell over his arm and foot in a billowy cascade.

"Deary me!" said Albert. He gave the veil a shake in a kind of dazed embarrassment, and it was blown by the wind back across the head of Queen Bess. The mare started, reared back, and then rushed forward impetuously. Albert gripped the reins with no gentle touch; but the unaccustomed sensation of the thin covering flapping over her eyes frightened the sensitive creature, and not even her master's voice raised in entreaty or command allayed her fears. She galloped up the road towards Junction Farm in an ecstasy of terror, and Albert, engaged in holding her in, was powerless to remove the cause of her fright. Speechless from mingled anger and embarrassment, red in the face with shame at his plight, he dismounted in front of his grinning serving-men at the kitchen-door. Then he paused for an imperceptible instant before turning the door-handle. Da'kis must have seen all from the window. Da'kis

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

would be laughing too. Yet his stubborn will forbade him to hide the cause of the trouble. With the veil hanging over his arm he stalked into the kitchen.

A sidelong glance at Dorcas's face as she stood at the ironing-board showed that she was not laughing. He breathed more freely. The smell of warm linen and the homely domesticity of the scene soothed his ruffled feelings. He laid the veil silently upon the table and edged away towards the outspread horse.

Dorcas met his eyes steadily. "Thee needn't get in ahind t' clothes-horse," she said with emphasis. "I've a bin' considerin'——" She fingered the veil he had just laid down nervously. "I've a bin' considerin'——"

Albert's eyes lit up eagerly; he took a slow step near her. "Do 'ee meän ——" he asked huskily, his fingers groping for hers in the folds of the wedding-veil,—"*do 'ee meän as thee'll wear 'ut, Da'kis?*"

"P'raps, when t' vi'lets come again."

"They cänt *all* be gone by now?" Albert declared with ardor.

"'Tis late fur vi'lets, and they allers be rare."

The manhood in Albert awoke. "You be rarer than any vi'lets!" he said.

*E. Garth Felix.*

## THE UNEXPECTED.

Fond of this age, with all its faults, perhaps for the foolish reason that it is mine, that its months and years have kept pace with the steps of my mortality, I have this year at last—but the provocation has for some few years been growing urgent—turned upon it and ceased to take its part. It has wearied me, for its people are busy with nothing but the hearing or telling of the same thing. The thing was new once; it took my fancy, like an-

other's. But by what strange dulness of the mind do they—the clever, the play-writer, the talker—think that the novelty will hold? Why, even women, even tailors, know better; and being, equally with wits, in love with fashion, understand that change is of the essence of that brief contract; that fashion no longer new ceases not only to please, but to be. It is the only thing always fresh, because it departs before it can be faded. The very shopman

knows this much, but the wit of 1906 has not learnt it.

And the thing of which the age has wearied me, the thing that pleased me in its proper day, is the unexpected phrase. To the dull it is still what it purports to be. Unfortunately for myself, I see it coming. I sit in my stall at the theatre and perceive its approach. It buffets me as I knew full well it would, and in the well-known manner. I see it from here, as the French say. When, on the contrary—years and years ago—the expected was the thing that arrived, there was some peace and decorum in the *attente*; and reading and the hearing of plays carried some degree of ceremony, well understood to be without intellectual importance, and unpretending. But now, to be accosted “Hail fellow, ill met!” by the perpetual unexpected; to evade it in vain, to perceive its preparation, to watch its approach, to mark its opportunity, to be aware of its ambush, to know the places of its lying in wait, to wince and shut one’s eyes, but crash! there it is—I protest I never was bored before, and only now have learnt what is the purely and entirely tedious. Crash! there it is, of course it is, and the audience laugh. At the theatre, at luncheon, at dinner, the audience still receive it with the gasp, the little shock, for which the speaker looks. He is no doubt happy for the long instant before they know that the thing is there and what the thing is. I, unlucky one, who knew before the instant began, wear a face of protest and dismay, and wait while the laugh goes round and is renewed and is echoed—why, it is a whole process—and wish that I were to be born at a future age; or that this age would at last, at last, grow used to the unexpected and stop its paltry mouth.

The unexpected is the appeal of the clever to the dull or the merely sharp. Or rather it is an assault upon the dull

and a connivance with the sharp. It assumes, at any rate, the indigence of the public wit, and winks aside, no doubt, at the cheapness of its own adventure and success. At least I think so, but here and there I detect—detecting the whole at once—an invincible pleasure in the enterprise, a self-applause. Well, well, there are degrees in this school of wit, and some are in the very low places.

Perhaps it may be objected to my protest that the unexpected, being a thing of negative quality, might be of any kind of strange nature, and that therefore my apprehension might very well be now and again taken by surprise. It is unlikely, you think, that its character should be so tedious as I say, its onset so perceptible, its approach so obvious, its arrival but a boisterous *banalité*. Not so; the unexpected, as we have it now, is of one certain kind; it is not various; it comes in many shapes, of course, or, rather, on many occasions, because of the difference of the situations in those plays, of the accidents of that conversation, in which it hunts, and prowls, and springs. The stage has a mutable frame, the talk is to be met by a different retort. But the kind, the kind is unvaried, and apparently invariable. It is the kind of the year—of the decade of years, rather. It is to take by storm one sort of inferiority, to shake one sort of tranquillity, to astonish one sort of prejudice, to insult one sort of sensibility, to flatter one sort of intelligence, to engage one sort of slyness against one sort of sentiment, to enlist one kind of sharpness against one kind of simplicity, and one manner of cunning against one manner of serenity; and only one.

I spoke once with an elder woman whose innocent eyesight was failing her; but, she said, being fortunately accustomed to literature, she was still able to read, if partially. She got the



first part of a sentence from the page, and then literary custom and a good education in platitudes (but she did not call them so) gave the latter part to her resting eyes. Thus she made shift, knowing what her authors were likely to say; and she was glad of the habit of her life. We must hope that she did her novelists no injustice, but that her commonplaces closed duly with theirs, and that little or nothing was lost or dropped between the writer and the reader. Their alliance must have been a peaceful one. But let us think how different will be the lot of the old lady whose eyesight is failing at a time—it must be only a few years hence if the fashion continues—when old ladies will have the “paradox” instead of the platitude at their fingers’ ends. It will be almost horrible; the uneasy grown easier than anything else in the world, and the ignorant knowing all about it. There must always be twaddle, or there always will be; but twaddle has lost its innocence, and is grown twice dismal.

The Outlook.

Where the unexpected—the real unexpected—keeps its quality is in the page of Charles Lamb. His delicate ambushes really hide; his gentle *sorties* surprise. Nay, he is so justified that here, in the writings of an author who can write no more, whose every turn is actually known to us, the *quality* of surprise is still present, albeit gone from the phrases of the play of to-day which we never saw, or the essay we never read, before. That quality is the quality of freshness, and—here is a “paradox” worth having—this old thing has the freshness and this new thing has it not.

Another paradox worth thinking of is the divine paradox that salt can lose its savor. It and its savor are one; and it was long a puzzle what salt could be, how it would exist, when its saltiness was gone. We know now. For we know the unexpected which is the expected. We know that which is fit to be trodden underfoot of men.

Alice Meynell.

### INDISCRIMINATE FRIENDSHIP.

The future Cicero, who composes a modern “*De Amicitia*,” when he has exhausted the common stock of platitudes on the subject of friendship will propound, no doubt, an interesting conundrum. What, he will ask, in his slightly pedantic manner, is the quantitative limit of friendship? How many friends is it possible for a man to have, so that the relation between him and them still maintains its true character and does not decline into mere acquaintance? And then he will point out in his luminous way that the puzzle cannot be solved by arithmetic. The answer will vary with the nature of the individual man. One will have a

genius for friendship and be able to bring a multitude within the circle of his life; another will be a man of rare and intimate attachments. Friendship in the one case may be as real a thing as in the other, provided that each gives and receives what is due to it. For our philosopher will share the modern suspicion of those people who swim through life on a current of thin popularity. We all know the man against whom no one has a word to say. The whole world speaks well of him, for he speaks well of all the world; but there is no great fervor of conviction in the compliments of either. He will never “crab” an acquaintance; he will find excuses for everybody; his manners are kindly and agreeable, with

just a suspicion of detachment in them. He inspires no enmities, but, on the other hand, he awakens no very real attachments. His easy good nature does harm to no one, but he is too negative, too colorless, to be of great service to anybody. The majority of mankind do lip-service to his merits, but in their heart of hearts they condemn him. For the world at the back of its head has a tenderness for the "rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntary." It prefers a man to have bold preferences and to declare them boldly, to dislike as well as to like, and to show that next to the love of his friends he courts the hatred of those whom he despises. It is an unregenerate spirit, but it is in accordance with human nature, which has an old liking for positives. This is the reason why a number of epithets which appear commendatory on the surface are generally looked on as debased currency. "Worthy," "honest," "good-natured," a "good sort,"—there is something dim and shallow about the beings they describe. They seem to imply an absence of other virtues, so that the sum total of character is insignificant. "Worthy" has come to denote a kind of *bourgeois* dulness of mind. "Honest" in common parlance suggests that a man comes, like Bunyan's Old Honest, from the "Town of Stupidity which lieth four leagues *beyond* the City of Destruction." A "good sort" means too often, as Lady Louisa Stuart said, "a good person of a bad sort." And the same significance has come to attach to the man who is reported to have a thousand friends and not an enemy.

This prejudice against indiscriminate friendship is amply justified when we consider the meaning of that much-abused term. Bacon, it will be remembered, makes a distinction between "friends" and "followers." A man may have as many as he pleases of the latter, for he gives them nothing but a

little easy patronage. They are his inferiors, not his equals, and friendship is only for the latter. For it means that two people are desperately interested in each other's well-being. According to the old saying of the Greeks, "a friend is a second self." This second self must be prepared to deal faithfully with the other—"there is no such Remedy against Flattery of a Man's Selfe as the Liberty of a Friend"—to sacrifice its own interests on occasion, to identify its fortunes with those of its countertype. Bacon has summed up in famous words the character of such an alliance. "After these two Noble Fruits of Friendship (Peace in the Affections and Support of the Judgment) followeth the last Fruit, which is like the Pomegranat, full of many kernels; I meane Aid, and Bearing a Part in all Actions and Occasions." Every man who is capable of friendship knows in his heart that the gibe of the French maximist, "There is something not entirely displeasing to us in the misfortunes of our friends," is ludicrously untrue. It derives its point solely from the loose usage which in ordinary life treats acquaintance and friendship as identical, and uses the latter word for both. But if friendship be this rare and perfect understanding, which the world admits it to be, it can never be indiscriminate. The capacity of man is limited, and since friendship involves giving and taking, it clearly admits of no indefinite extension. Some men, to be sure, have a genius for it. Quite sincerely and truthfully they can say that they have many friends, each of whom is a vital part of their life. Men of superabundant vitality and warm affections may reasonably make the claim, and their fellows will admit it. But the ordinary person has no vitality to spare. If his friendship has a large area, we may be sure that it is spread very thin. For most men only a few friendships are

possible, and the world instinctively recognizes the fact, and looks with suspicion upon the friend of everybody. For what value can there be in the friendship of such a one? A weak toleration means either intellectual stupidity or a cold heart. "If you call me your friend," it may be argued, "and extend the same friendship to some one I despise, you pay me a poor compliment. And if I find that half the world shares in the inextinguishable privilege, I am entitled to rate it pretty low. For you are neither saint nor genius, and your good humor is due neither to Christian charity nor to surpassing wisdom. Either you are singularly stupid or singularly lacking in taste, and in either case you do not know what friendship means."

This prejudice against a weak amiability is so solidly founded in reason that it may be taken as part of the rough philosophy of life. But, like all sound instincts, it can be exaggerated; and, carried too far, it becomes a very unpleasing compound of cynicism and irritable jealousy. In his "Flight of the Duchess" Browning has drawn a picture of another Sir Willoughby Patterne, pompous, jealous, with a crazy feudal sense of possession. The unhappy Duchess, who looks out on the world with frank and kindly eyes, is crushed by his narrow proprietorship, and most properly goes off to gipsyland. But Browning never forgot that there

*The Spectator.*

were two sides to all human quarrels, and in "My Last Duchess" he allowed the Duke—a different and less ignoble Duke, to be sure—to state his case. He complains of a friendliness so universal and unthinking that it left no place for the affection he desired:—

She had  
A heart—how shall I say?—too soon  
made glad,  
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went  
everywhere.  
Sir, 'twas all one! My favor at her  
breast,  
The dropping of the daylight in the  
West,  
The bough of cherries some officious  
fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white  
mule  
She rode with round the terrace—all  
and each  
Would draw from her alike the approving  
speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—  
good! but thanked  
Somehow—I know not how—as if she  
ranked  
My gift of a nine-hundred-year-old  
name  
With anybody's gift.

No doubt the Duke was a fool and a prig, but—it is hard to avoid the admission that he had something to say for himself. And the old complaint, which comes most commonly from the lover, is not less in reason in the mouth of the friend.

## LECTURES ON CHILD-TRAINING.

*(Reported by Helen and Cecil.)*

Mother had a man two afternoons last week to tell the mothers of all the kids round how to train us.

Dad used his strongest word (the one he gave me half-a-crown to promise never to say) when he heard about it,

and he told Mother that the rod at home and the cane at school had done all the training he had ever wanted.

But Mother said she felt that she would be neglecting her duty to the whole of the rising generation in the

country if she drew her hand back from the plough.

When Dad asked her what she meant by the plough, Mother said she did not of course mean a real plough, but only that she had told *Lady Montfort* that she thought the idea of the lectures was charming, and that she would open her drawing-room with pleasure. "*Lady Montfort* says he is quite a Dear Man, and that we shall all be sure to like him," Mother said.

So the Dear Man came—and so did heaps and heaps of ladies, and they ate piles of afternoon tea. *Cecil* said that was to show sympathy with childhood, and to come down to the child's level. He said that after we had heard the lectures.

The worst of *Cecil* is that he is frightfully honorable. It is awful trying to prove to him that the things we both want to do are all right. And of course we wanted to hear what the Dear Man had to say, especially as he isn't a bit rotten, and has the biggest nose and the twinkliest eyes; besides, we heard Mother telling Dad that the lectures were entirely unsuited for children.

That was what made us think of the conservatory, and the place behind the fernery, where there used to be a fountain, but the tap has gone wrong.

If you crouch down, the palms hide you, and you can hear any one talking in the drawing-room.

*Cecil* argued for an hour about it, but I never give in, and at last I thought of telling him that Dad often said that two were better than one, and that if we knew how we were to be trained, we could bend ourselves and help Mother so much better. In our house Mother does the training, and Dad makes remarks.

Then I enticed *Cecil* by telling him to take his note-book, and that Mother would be delighted afterwards to find that he had written it down, for

she had only been groaning just before about how she forgot every lecture she ever went to.

So we went, and it was all rather startling. I am going to underline what *Cecil* put down. He writes rather large, so he missed heaps, and I had to listen to the in-between bits.

*"Sit at the feet of the child. Place the child in the midst!"*

Fancy, and they wouldn't even have us in the room! I nudged *Cecil* and was just going to say something when he licked his pencil and told me not to interrupt him.

*"Curiosity—a precious gift! Do not smother it. Do not let it worry you. The child is reaching out to know. The child cannot help itself."*

There, again, of course we were right to listen. *Cecil* looked up at me with joy in his big eyes, and knew at last that I was really right.

*"There are two kinds of children—Motors and Sensors. Motor children are those who act first and think afterwards, and Sensors are those who think first and act afterwards—sometimes."*

We thought that was rather clever of him. He had got *Cecil* and me as good as a snapshot.

I adore playing motor-cars bouncing down the rock path, but *Cecil* doesn't. He says a real motor would never go that way to the pond, but round by the drive.

*"The Motor child is covered with cuts and lumps and bruises. The Sensor child seldom falls."*

That was as right as *Cecil's* sums always are. I counted six things on me this morning in the bath—one a lovely green and purple mark as big as a pincushion. (*Cecil* says that's no comparison, because a pincushion might be any size—of course I meant the one in my room.)

Certainly *Cecil* never gets a scratch. Dad says *Cecil* will be a judge, and that I shall be a circus girl.

"It is upon the Motor child that the everlasting 'Don't' falls."

"Cecil," I said, "that man must be a wizard!" I poked my head through the palms, but I could only see some boots.

"Do not crush the Motor child by 'don't-ing' him. The world is full of 'don'ters'—that is what is the matter with it. Rather feel that in your Motor child you have a mighty force."

I told this afterwards to Nurse while she was doing my hair—of course without telling her what had put the idea into my head—and all she said was:

"Don't twist about so, Miss Helen!"

Then I told *Guest*, the gardener, and he said, "Well, Miss, so long as you don't run over my flower beds, and don't jump over the new shrubs, and don't leave the hot-house doors open, and don't—"

I told him he was a "don'ter," and ran off.

"That precious gift, the imagination! Make-believe! Your children live in a beautiful world of their own! Do not seek to drag them downwards to our poor adult level!"

We wondered what an adult level was. *Cecil* thought it might be the level crossing down below the park that we were not to be dragged down to—as if we weren't always dying to run across the line.

Then we heard Mother's voice.

"But suppose you had a boy and girl who lived in such a 'beautiful world' of their own that they employed themselves one early morning in digging up earthworks on the lawn and insisting, against all argument, that the Boers were in the park, and that they were defending the house?"

*Cecil* and me looked at each other. They had put us to bed at five that day, and took away our pocket-money

Punch.

for a fortnight to pay for the gardener's time for putting the earthworks back.

"Surely the precious gift of imagination which your children possess, Mrs. Lister, is worth your beautiful lawn ten times over! And consider the evidence of loyalty to yourselves, the instinct of home defence—"

Wasn't he a Dear Man? I would like to have rushed to kiss him.

"But one can't have one's lawns dug up," went on Mother, in a mournful little voice she has sometimes. "We should lose the gardener in a week."

"Perhaps it might have been better to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and tell them that you had authentic word during the night that the Boers would approach by the back of the house.

"Then they would have dug up the vegetable garden," Mother said, "and the under-gardeners would have left in a body."

We did not hear the end of that, because the door opened and we knew that the tea was coming, and Mother had particularly mentioned that as it was holiday time we were to come in and make ourselves useful.

So we scrambled up, and round by the side door, and so properly into the drawing-room.

The minute we appeared they all stopped talking, and we knew why.

"Please don't mind us," said *Cecil*, very politely.

"My dear boy, where have you been?" laughed Mother.

And when we looked down, *Cecil's* knees and my skirts were awful, with crouching in the fernery.

"There is a plot on foot to destroy every mother in the country!" said *Cecil*, in his slow, clear voice. "*Helen* and I have been searching in the cellars."



LE GRAND SALUT.

[Major Dreyfus, in the name of the Republic and the people of France, I proclaim you a knight of the Legion of Honor.]

There is a power in innocence, a might  
Which, clothed in weakness, makes injustice vain:  
A strength, o'ertopping reason to explain,  
Which bears it—though deep-buried out of sight—  
Slowly and surely upward to the light:  
A conscious certainty amidst its pain  
That, robbed of all things, it shall all regain,  
Through that eternal law which guards the right.

O Dreyfus! Thy dear country has restored  
More than *thine* honor in this hour supreme.  
Noble, still noble, though she so could err,  
God spared thee to her that she might redeem  
Herself, and hand thee back thy blameless sword.  
Listen! the world salutes—not only thee, but her!

The Athenæum.

Florence Earle Coates.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Father Bernard Vaughan's plain-spoken series of sermons on the "Sins of Society" which have stirred London this summer will be published in a volume in the autumn.

M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, has completed the second volume of his "History of English Literature," and Mr. Fisher Unwin will issue the book during the coming autumn season.

Professor Lindsay's New Testament, in Everyman's Library, has been so cordially received that the publishers are arranging to reprint the Old Testament complete, probably in three volumes. The text, as with the New Testament, will be the Authorized Version.

There will soon be published a new volume of criticism by Dr. Stopford

Brooke, uniform in size and style with the original editions of the same author's "Tennyson" and "Browning." It will include studies of Matthew Arnold, D. G. Rossetti, A. H. Clough, and William Morris.

Messrs. Longman have in the press "Homer and his Age," by Mr. Andrew Lang, who is well known as a champion of the historical unity of the Homeric epics. He contends that they supply a harmonious picture of a single age, probably a brief age, and, except in disputable passages, contain no anachronisms.

There is a movement for spelling reform in French as well as in English. Some little time ago a Commission was appointed to propose measures for the simplification of spelling, and its report was recently issued. From the "Westminster Gazette" we take the

following, which are among its recommendations: That the letter "y" shall be suppressed whenever it is pronounced as "i," as in "cristal"; that "s" shall take the place of "x" in such plurals as "chevaus"; that the superfluous "h" shall be dropped in such words as "rétorique" and "têâtre"; that the French for "egg" shall henceforth be "euf"; that "pan" shall be written instead of "paon," "prent" instead of "prend," "dizième" instead of "dixième," and "exposicion" instead of "exposition." It is noteworthy that the Académie française, which has in its time done good service to French spelling, is not to be consulted. The measure is to affect schools only; but in all schools the suggested changes are to be made compulsory by Ministerial decree.

In spite of an abrupt conclusion which leaves the dissatisfied reader craving a sequel, "The King's Revoke" is an uncommonly fresh and interesting story. The period is that of Bonapartist rule in Spain, and the plot turns on the efforts of Spanish royalists to rescue Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, from the Castle of Valencay where he is a prisoner of state waiting Napoleon's pleasure. The hero of the story is a gallant young Irishman and the heroine a charming Marquesa, whose hereditary diamonds, pledged for the service of her King, play a prominent part. The group of English *détenus* at Tours contributes some unusual figures, and smugglers, spies and agents of the secret service are among the minor actors. Ferdinand himself is skilfully drawn, and Talley-

rand is effectively introduced at a critical moment. The writer, Mrs. Margaret L. Woods, is to be congratulated on her choice of a subject and on the ingenuity with which she has handled it. E. P. Dutton & Co.

As the re-publications of May Sinclair's earlier novels are given one after another to American readers, the wonder grows that a writer of such talents and aims should have been so little known before the appearance of "The Divine Fire." "Audrey Craven," which Henry Holt & Co. have just issued in a style uniform with "Super-seded," shows the same delicacy of perception and singleness of purpose which mark all her work. The study of a shallow and impressionable coquette, it offers abundant opportunity for that meretricious detail which too many of our popular novelists seem to use with deliberate intent to pander to unwholesome tastes. But in Miss Sinclair's work, such detail is so scrupulously limited by the psychological necessity that the whole effect is austere, and to the frivolous reader unattractive. The scene of the present story is laid in London, and in Audrey's successive lovers various modern types are cleverly satirized—the young spendthrift setting forth to retrieve his fortunes in the colonies, the artist with "only a rudimentary heart," the analytical novelist in quest of feminine material, and the high-church clergyman with his admiring train. Inferior, of course, to its successors, the book is yet far better worth reading than most of our current fiction.